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Have You Seen My Magazine?

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 27 September 20, 1919 EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE Every Friday 1½d.

TENNYSON'S TALKING OAK COMES TRUE

EAVESDROPPERS

TREES LISTENING TO WIRELESS MESSAGES

Picking Up Electric Waves

TENNYSON'S TALKING OAK

Lord Tennyson imagined an oak talking, and one of the characters in his poems found an oak that was "a babbler in the land." Now it seems that all oaks may be babblers.

"Wireless" has ushered in a new era of wonders, and the men who make it their business to disclose its secrets are rapidly bringing them to the knowledge of the waiting world, just as the gold-hunter, when he has found a "pocket," lays bare the precious nuggets with every swing of his shovel.

A well-known American radio-engineer, Major-General Squier, who has the genius to think and to try out an idea, has discovered that trees pick up wireless waves. It is striking to think that the trees in our garden, every tree in the British Isles, the forest giants of America and Australia, the olive and cork trees of the Mediterranean countries and the gloomy pines of Scandinavia and Russia, are every moment spying on the wireless work of man, absorbing the electricity flung out by the great sending stations and tapping our messages.

A Tree, a Wire, and a Nail

But that is not all. The trees can, in their turn, be tapped, and will deliver up the stolen messages quite readily. How was this found out? Very easily.

The inventor simply drove a nail into a tree, fairly high up, and joined the nail to his ordinary wireless receiving instrument by means of a piece of wire.

The talking oak of Tennyson's poem was thus made a reality, for Major-General Squier's tree immediately sent through the receiver a stream of messages from ships at sea and extracts of press news sent out from Germany, over 2000 miles away.

The value of this discovery may be enormous, especially in the case of movable wireless stations, such as those used by soldiers and explorers. A marching regiment is called upon to Halt! A soldier climbs the nearest tree with his wire and nail. Two blows of the hammer, and the detachment is in touch with headquarters!

Trees Telling the Time

Trees can receive long-distance wireless signals of any wave-length, and also serve as receivers for short-distance telephone messages. From the moment an acorn begins to sprout in the ground, it becomes one of the most delicate detectors and receivers of electric waves. All that is required to make an oak talk is a copper needle driven into it and attached to a receiving instrument.

People with a tall tree in their garden will soon be able to listen to time signals from the Eiffel Tower with no expense in aerial structures.

The Ponies in Danger from the Cars



The splendid ponies that run wild and free in the hundred square miles of the New Forest, whose safety has lately been imperilled by reckless motorists on the forest roads

This spirited picture of the ponies is one of the glorious paintings of Miss Lucy Kemp Welch

HOW MICHAEL CAME FROM PALESTINE

Of the telling of war tales there will never be an end, and now comes the tale of little Michael Patrick Faugh, who is called the youngest soldier in our Army.

He is a boy of Syria, was born at Darubsi, near Safa, in Palestine, and his real name is Habid. He is eight years old.

But what a crowd of great events has come into his small years! When the Turks came pouring into the village of Darubsi, Michael was cut off from his home and friends, and we can imagine the little man hiding in terror amid the panic of the war, and the coming on of the irresistible British Army with its marvellous camel caravan.

One day, soon after the British occupation, a tiny mite of humanity crawled into the lines of the second battalion of the Royal Irish Fusiliers; he crawled up to the camp fire, shivering and hungry, and the sight of him touched the heart of the good British Tommy who was serving as cook. The mite was Michael, and after a few days they sent him back to his village of Darubsi, and it was thought nothing more would be heard of him. After a few days, however, Michael came back. Nobody wanted him at Darubsi, nobody would take care of him, and the tiny wanderer returned to the battalion cook.

Then the warm hearts that beat in the Royal Irish Fusiliers were moved, and it was decided to adopt the Syrian boy. He was baptised a few miles from Jerusalem, and was given a new name, and is now with the battalion in the Isle of Thanet. He is learning to speak good English with a captivating Irish accent, and his ambition is to learn all he can, to be a brave soldier, and to play the biggest instrument in the band.

The Children's Newspaper sends its best wishes to this fine little man of the flag.

Portrait on page 12

NEW FOREST PONIES

Safety Imperilled by Motorists

RARE CREATURES OF THE WILD IN ENGLAND

Motor-cars are not new things in the New Forest, nor are ponies; they have both been there, in the hundred-square-mile domain established by the Conqueror, ever since motor-cars began to run. But since the war a new class of motorist has appeared—vulgar and reckless drivers who care nothing for the safety and comfort of others; and the New Forest ponies have been suffering sadly.

They roam free in the forest as they were meant to roam, and they cross the roads freely from pasture to pasture. Lately, as the ponies have been crossing the roads, several of them have been charged by reckless motorists and killed.

Since Caesar Came

The New Forest ponies are a distinct breed, whose ancestors have roamed the forest free and unfettered since the days of William Rufus, and probably long before. They may have been there when Julius Caesar landed in Britain.

Before men wore armour New Forest ponies carried our soldiers to battle. When armour came the mighty horses carried the armed men, and the ponies served as palfreys and for other light work. After firearms became general the big horses were turned into the fields, while animals of the hunter type were called to the battle-field, and the ponies served no longer except in the cause of peace.

Rare Little Steeds

These ponies are among the kindest and best little animals we have. They are high-spirited and courageous, and a rare handful to manage unless they are properly "broken," but when they are rightly treated they yield like obedient children to discipline, and work with great goodwill.

In the glory of his matchless forest home, where he grows to beauty and strength and modest grandeur, he has had for centuries the guarantee of safety, and he should have it still. He and his forerunners have served old England far better than these reckless road-hogs who run him down in their cars, and leave him mangled on the roads of his ancient domain.

A good story is told of one chestnut gem who was the guardian of a herd of mares, of which all but one were forest-bred. The other had been brought up on a farm, and, though now turned loose, she liked to go home each evening for a meal with the old master and mistress. So every night the proud chestnut marched out with the hand-fed mare, escorted her to the farm, waited cautiously outside the open gate for her, and then accompanied his little friend rejoicing back to his moorland haunts.

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THE HERRINGS COME BACK

Mysterious Absence of 18 Years

THE GREAT PUZZLE OF FISHES THAT DISAPPEARED

By Our Natural Historian

There seems nothing sensational in the statement that great hauls of herrings are being made in Upper Loch Fyne, for Loch Fyne herrings are famous. But there is a mystery here.

The great shoals have been absent for 18 years, and have only now come back to the cradle of billions of their ancestors. It is laid down as a rough-and-ready law that herrings are spawning all the year round our coasts, and that they return annually to the same place. As a fact, every part of the coast has its own season.

Something Nobody Knows

The herrings of the East Coast of Scotland lay their eggs, and retire from the coast before the end of August, but the Cornwall herrings do not come inshore until January. We do not know where they come from nor where they go. We suppose them to retire into deep water not many miles from shore, but to disperse, to break up their shoals, like bison of old after their great treks. All fish movements are seasonal and regular, with a few startling exceptions. Something happens which we cannot explain.

Upper Loch Fyne loses its herrings for 18 years, St. Ives lost its pilchards for ten years, and the absence of these sea visitors ruined the fishermen, and drove them inland to other occupations. Then the pilchards came back, and so did the fishermen, to build new boats and new fortunes.

50,000 Mackerel in a Day

At Lulworth mackerel were wont to swarm into the Cove in such numbers that the men would catch 50,000 in a day, but two years ago the mackerel did not return, nor did they appear last year, and it remains to be seen whether they will come back to their ancient haunt.

We do not understand these breaks in the long run of continuous visits. So far as we know, food conditions do not vary, water conditions certainly do not, yet after years of teeming shoals of fish there comes a time when no shoals arrive, and a long-seated industry is temporarily ruined.

What we ought to know is whether these absences have occurred in past times, and, if so, at what intervals. One of the most extraordinary of all the herrings is a winter-spawning herring which since the year 895 has visited the Skagerak, off Sweden, once every year.

Wonderful Thing a Fish Can Do

The story of fish migration is as remarkable as that of the birds. Think of it! The bold racing mackerel lie about the mouth of the Channel until the sun has warmed the North Sea sufficiently for them to venture into its depths; the little anchovy must, for like reason, pause in the same waters until it can swim up to Holland to spawn in the Zuyder Zee, and Cornwall's pilchards go into winter quarters in the warm waters of the south.

Fish have the wonderful faculty of preventing the salt of the sea from penetrating their tissues, but they cannot endure abnormally cold water. They catch cold as we do, and die of chill when a sudden rush of cold flood water flows into a warm river. But that does not explain why herrings and pilchards and mackerel suddenly vanish, and remain for years away from places where their ancestors have gone while young fisher boys grow into old and hoary fishermen.

E. A. B.

STOPPING THE X

Greatest Enemy of Wireless Beaten

MYSTERY OF MIXED-UP MESSAGES SOLVED

By Our Marconi House Correspondent

Every realm of life and work has its bugbear, and wireless is no exception. Until recently the worst obstacle to wireless work was the free electricity abounding in the atmosphere, which became mixed with wireless messages.

If these messages were being received on a tape machine the stray quantities of electricity—or X's, as they are called—smudged or obliterated the marking on the tape, or, in the case of more modern receivers, where the messages take the form of sounds heard in telephones, these X's made such a noise that the true signals were often unintelligible.

So troublesome were X's, especially in tropical countries, that some wireless stations regularly stopped work about noon until early the next morning, because it was simply waste of time trying to receive messages.

Now this great trouble has been overcome by the chief engineer of the American Marconi Company, Mr. Roy Weagant, and his skilled assistants.

Mr. Weagant resolved to free wireless from its incubus, and for fifteen years he laboured with the patience which is the hall-mark of genius. X's were so called because, like the X in algebra, they were unknown things.

The Stopper

It was our ignorance of their properties which made us suffer from them so long, and Mr. Weagant's first task was to study the pests themselves.

The discovery which led to his great invention was that X's, instead of moving horizontally as wireless signals do, move vertically. Many X-stoppers had been divised, all of which were meant to trap electricity moving horizontally, the result being that the real messages were caught and spoiled. But Mr. Weagant set his trap to catch something which moved up and down at right-angles to the surface of the earth—and he caught it.

No longer need distress messages from sinking ships be unheard or misunderstood because of the dreaded X's, and no longer need the great trans-ocean ether lines be idle during storms of atmospheric electricity.

Mr. Weagant's success is yet another example of what men can accomplish by untiring patience and persevering effort in tasks which seem hopeless.

WELL DONE, MANCHESTER

Manchester has taken the lead in offering to every promising scholar in its schools an opportunity for taking an advanced course.

In other cities and towns parents of children have applied for places in the secondary schools, and if they have not been wise enough to wish for a better education for their children, or have not thought them clever enough to profit by further study, the children have lost their chance.

But in Manchester the teachers will recommend for further instruction all children likely to use the advantage well, and the parents will actually be visited and recommended to leave children who show clear promise longer at school.

THE WIND AS ROAD-SWEEPER

A novel road is being made in the Western deserts of the United States. A local surveyor is cutting down through the sand to the clay, which leaves a smooth road which the strong winds, the surveyor thinks, will sweep constantly.

The clay stratum lies twelve feet below the surface sand, and at present the wind is keeping the road open by blowing the freshly deposited sand off it.

A MAGISTRATE'S STORY

Highwayman and the Watch

FAMOUS MAN'S ADVENTURE

The thief's way of putting his gains in another man's keeping and then accusing him of theft is as old as Joseph in Egypt, but a London magistrate was reminding his Court not long ago that it is still in vogue. A man declared that a packet had been hidden in his coat by another man, whereupon the magistrate told this little story.

"Many years ago," he said, "I caught a highway robber on whom a stolen gold watch was found. At the sessions the thief declared that I had actually stolen the watch, that he had run after me to catch me, and that, when he caught me, I had thrust the watch into his pocket and arrested him! Fortunately for me, the story was not accepted by the jury."

It is a curious story, and it brings to mind another of the late Lord Russell, Lord Chief Justice of England.

The Stolen Watch

When he was a young barrister, he was once in the pit of a London theatre. He was standing up, and so were two men near him. Suddenly, when the lights went up, between the acts, another man exclaimed: "I am robbed, I have lost my watch! And those three men"—pointing to Russell and the other two—"have it." It occurred to Russell, "Now, if one of these men has the watch, he will pop it into my pocket." And to guard himself he put his hand behind, felt his pocket, and exclaimed: "Good heavens! They have done it—the watch is there!"

The police were called, and Russell and the other two men were marched out to the booking-office. Russell was in an agony of anxiety and shame. "What am I to do?" he wondered. "No explanation I can give will get rid of the fact that the watch is in my pocket." After a moment's hesitation, he determined that the only thing to do was to tell the plain truth, and, putting his hand into his tail-pocket to draw forth the terrible witness, he found there—his snuff-box! One of the other men actually had the watch!

FRECKLES

From a Professor's Chair

During the holidays many of us get "freckled" under the wholesome influence of sunshine. Little yellowish-brown spots appear on the skin of the face and on the back of the hands.

This seems to be, on a small scale, similar to what often occurs on a large scale when a white man works for years in the open air in a hot country and becomes "tanned." In both cases the chemistry of the body is affected by the light—and perhaps also by the warmth—of the sunshine, and granules of a darkish colouring-matter, called melanin, are deposited in or between the skin cells.

Some authorities hold that the colouring matter is manufactured in the blood, and is brought to the skin by wandering blood-corpuscles, but it is more generally believed that it is actually produced in the skin-cells themselves by some change in their vital processes as the result of exposure to the sun. In any case the freckles represent a sort of jetsam of the tide of life which reaches its high-water mark in our bodies during our precious holidays; and it is a jetsam that we need not be ashamed of.

A VETERAN VINE

The famous vine at Hampton Court Palace, which was planted over 150 years ago, is bearing between 400 and 500 bunches of fine black grapes this year. They are being given to hospitals.

EQUAL DAY & NIGHT

Autumnal Equinox is Here

THE EARTH MOVES LEVEL WITH THE SUN

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The nights have been getting longer and the days shorter for some time. On the 24th of September the sun passes the point in the sky known to astronomers as the Equinox.

It is so called because at this time of year the night—nox, as it is called in Latin—is approximately equal to the day. On September 25 the Sun rises at 6.51 and sets at 6.52, and on the following day it rises at 6.52 and sets at 6.50. The days will go on getting shorter up to Christmas, and will then begin to lengthen again.

Why Days and Nights are Unequal

Every year we notice this progressive change in the gradation between day and night. We know how pleasant it is to spend long summer days in the open air; and we get the bulk of our reading done in the long winter evenings. But perhaps we have never thought of asking why days and nights should not always be of the same length.

The reason is that the Earth has two separate motions going on at the same time. It turns round on its axis once in twenty-four hours, and it travels round the Sun once in a year. Of course, it appears to us as if the Sun went round the Earth, rising in the east and setting in the west, and for many centuries men thought that this was really so; but astronomers have shown, within the last four hundred years, that it is really the Earth that is in rapid motion.

An Apple on a Hatpin

If the axis on which the Earth turns were at right angles to the line joining it to the Sun, our days would always be the same length as our nights; but this is not the case. If we make a model Earth—say, by running a hat-pin through an apple—and rotate it slowly in the neighbourhood of an electric light or a candle, holding the hat-pin axis sloping instead of upright, we shall be able to puzzle out the problem.

The only way in which darkness and light can be equal at any point on the surface of the Earth is when the light falls at right angles to the axis—or, as astronomers say, when the Sun is in the plane of the Earth's equator. This only happens twice a year, once in the spring and once in the autumn; and the dates when it happens are called the spring and autumn equinoxes.

At these dates, also, the Sun rises due east and sets due west. At no other time of year is this the case, as a few days' watching will easily convince us.

THE CHURCH TELEPHONE

An American firm some time back made a telephone for use in churches, by which deaf people could be supplied in their pews with ear-pieces enabling them to hear the service comfortably.

Sensitive telephone transmitters are placed in the chancel, and wires lead to the pew telephones. The invention has recently been installed at a theatre near London, the manager being able to hear on the telephone, without leaving his office, what is going on on the stage, and so to follow the progress of the play.

CAMEL'S HAIR

John the Baptist wore a garment made of camel's hair; and it is interesting to know that many people do the same to-day.

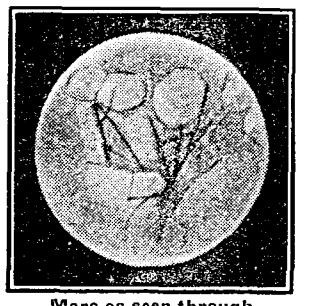
Last year 2000 tons of camel's hair came to Europe and the United States from Mongolia, and was used chiefly in the manufacture of underwear. Such clothing is exceedingly warm, and the hair realises as much as £12 per cwt.

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Trip to Mars on the Kinema—New Film Picture of a Dream of Two Worlds

Are there boys and girls on Mars to look up at our Earth like a star shining in their sky; and to wonder, as we do when we gaze at Mars, what sort of a place it is, and whether it is peopled by beings like ourselves?

Through the great telescopes of the observatories there can be seen on Mars lines crossing and recrossing the whole width of the planet, and these lines are so straight that the great astronomer Professor Lowell, who gave his whole life to the study of Mars, believed that they are canals, artificially made in order that the water of the melting snow and ice of the Martian poles may flow through and fertilise the Martian world, from which all water is supposed to be fast disappearing. We cannot be sure of these things, but who knows? Now, the thought of life on Mars has stirred the imagination of the kinema men, and the Nordisk Film Company will soon be showing a remarkable film in which fancy has bridged the chasm between star and star.



Mars as seen through the telescope

The film gives us pictures of Mars and its people as we may imagine them to be. It presents the Martians as a race which has climbed from savagery to civilisation, and has cast out war and greed and selfishness.

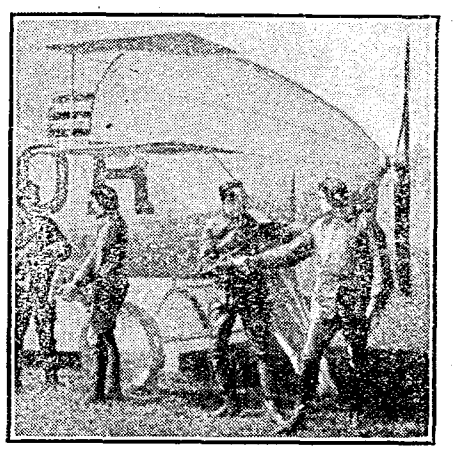
We give on this page a few pictures from this new film.



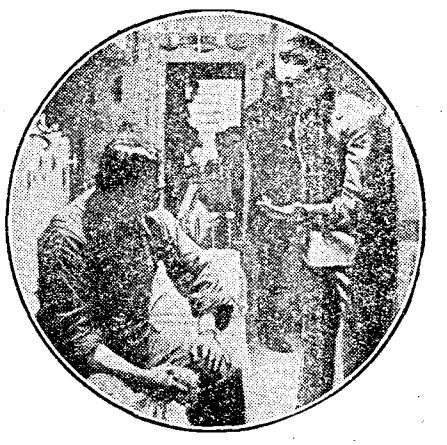
"If you reach Mars, my son, it will be the greatest feat of our time," said the old professor



Eric Sinclair builds the airship designed by his father for the journey



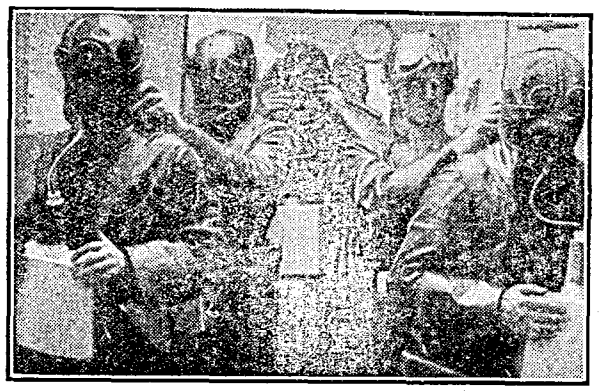
The Excelsior and her crew joyfully embark on their perilous adventure



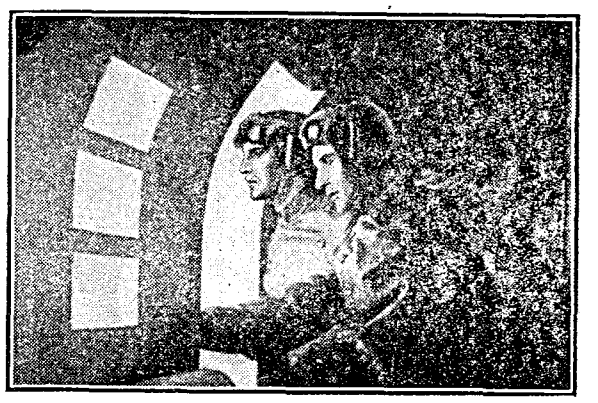
But, drifting on and on in space, some begin to lose hope and to murmur at their leader



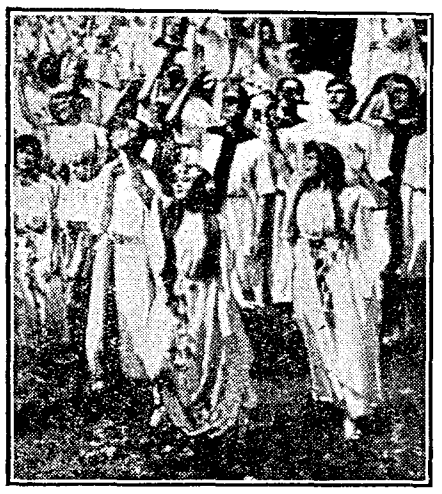
At last uncertainty and fear drive the men to mutiny



Suddenly a change in the outside atmosphere is recorded, and oxygen masks are quickly put on



But the atmosphere is pure, and an opened door gives the longed-for glimpse of Mars



The Martians view the approach of the explorers in amazement and delight



The travellers are bombarded with questions as to the world they have come from



But, suddenly fearing an attack, one of the crew stupidly throws a hand-grenade



The bomb kills a Martian, to the great horror of the people



For Mars the days of bloodshed are past, and they are deeply pained



The airship crew is confined in a cave and left to repent



But they are pardoned and given a message of peace to bring back to Earth



Strange lights on Mars tell the old professor of his son's success



And the new Columbus returns to Earth with a bride from Mars

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Will America Go Back?

PRESIDENT WILSON'S APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE

Fate of the League of Nations and the World's Peace in the Balance

WILL PARTY FEELING ONCE MORE BLOCK THE WAY?

President Wilson is making a great appeal to the American nation on behalf of the League of Nations which he hopes will save the world.

The Great War, the difficult task of making Peace, and the hopeful building up of the League of Nations to keep Peace in the future, have all been telling us most clearly that if we wish to be wise citizens we must learn to see things from the whole world's point of view. We must not see them narrowly, as they affect our country only, but must understand how all nations are interwoven in a great human brotherhood.

Almost all the jarring that breaks the world's peace, and stirs up strife, misunderstanding, and anger, comes from each nation seeing things from its own point of view, and neglecting to look at the natural thoughts of other nations.

What all the world wants now, more than anything else, is an all-round friendliness, and a wish to be helpful everywhere, in place of a narrow-minded pursuit of selfish aims with blindness towards the thoughts of other nations.

The Narrow View

In every nation there are some who have this wise breadth of view, which is true statesmanship, and they are the hope of the world; but in every nation are many who take the narrow view, and are very proud of it, and they usually shout the loudest, make the most stir, and create mischief. It is always easier to shout and make mischief than to be temperate, fair, and helpful.

Sometimes these noisy, pushing folk, seeing the world through a narrow slit of selfishness, are almost as dangerous as blustering military people, such as the Germans were when they made war. The believers in brute power would ride haughtily over everybody; the small busybodies would set everybody quarrelling, which is nearly as bad.

What has been going on in the world since the war seems to show that the British Empire is the only Power that steadily takes what may be called the world-view of the world's welfare.

Due to American Thought

For example, the French are a great and clever nation, quick to receive fine ideas, but even France has not been quite as broad-minded as might have been expected in smoothing the way to peace for her enemies. The Italians are great lovers of liberty, but were less sensitive to liberty beyond the Adriatic than to Italian liberty, and even our kinsmen the Americans are inclined to let their own local affairs interfere with the great scheme of future Peace conceived as the League of Nations by their broad-minded President.

The League of Nations is the first genuine attempt to manage the affairs of the whole world with reason and fairness, and the credit of this mighty hope is largely due to American thought and American sense of right, yet many Americans seem bent on dragging the League into their purely local differences, and, for the sake of gaining advantages in party strife which the rest of the world does not care about or understand, endangering a great scheme of infinite importance to all mankind.

American politics have never been real to Europeans, nor would the Americans brook the least interference with them. Yet, because President Wilson is an American politician and has been largely concerned in planning the League of Nations, his political opponents are threatening to spoil the usefulness of the League for the sake of finding popular party cries.

Isolated No Longer

It has been a rule with the American Republic in its earlier stages to stand aloof from the politics of the Old World, and to warn the nations to the eastward of the Atlantic to leave the New World alone politically.

But the war is a proof that this non-intervention cannot be. The modern world is so knit together by business, swift communication, and mutual ideas as well as kinship, that part of it cannot withdraw into isolation and disown all responsibility for the rest. Some Americans think they entered the war for a special purpose, which is now completed, as German ambition is checked. But the League of Nations is the only means of really completing that purpose, and any weakening of that League by half-heartedness on the part of the United States would be putting a hand to the plough and then turning back.

The Call of Humanity

Never was there a more pitiable instance of narrowness of view. To the call of humanity—the world view—America responded magnificently during the war. Will she blur her noble record by party blindness? She grasped the great; will she drop it from a slackened hand for the sake of the small? Will she treat a part as greater than the whole?

It is what Party feeling does constantly everywhere, but America surely will not make that mistake. If she does the British people will not quarrel with her, but they will feel infinite regret that she should have saddened the heart of the world by her fall from greatness.

Evidently President Wilson feels this acutely, for he is making a tour of the United States, speaking in many cities, to show his countrymen what he really tried to do when he was in Paris, working with the British and French Prime Ministers to end the war in a spirit of justice, and establish a League that would preserve peace in the future.

America's Answer

His aim is to persuade his fellow-countrymen to sanction what he did in their name, and the American Republic will write out its own character in the answer it gives to his appeal.

Probably no one really doubts what that answer will be. A great nation will not leave in the lurch its highest official and chosen representative, who has long acted in its name, and in the midst of most difficult controversies has amply sustained its reputation among the statesmen of the whole world. The pity is that though the decision is sure, for the cause is just and the reasoning that supports it is unanswerable, there should be squabbling and delay that make a strong Power look weak through the vice of too much talk.

DISCOVERIES

Interesting Facts About Many Things

NATURE RINGS A BELL TO WARN MINERS OF DANGER

By Our Scientific Correspondent

Accidents are often caused in mines through combustible gas mixing with the air and causing an explosion.

A new device has now been invented, which can be carried about and will indicate at once the amount of gas present in the air.

A little piece of wire becomes red-hot and glows when the gas present reaches a certain degree, and in becoming hot it expands and bends. This bending is made to close an electric circuit which rings an alarm bell and warns the miners.

THE USE OF A BEE-STING

A discovery has been made by Mr. W. T. Reid, late President of the British Bee-keeping Association, who found that the effect of a bee-sting will show whether or not a person can safely undergo an operation under chloroform or some other anaesthetic. If the patient suffers from nervous weakness, a bee-sting on the hand will cause a large swelling, and he would not safely withstand an operation.

ARE BEES COLOUR-BLIND?

Very careful experiments recently made by Professor Hess show that bees behave as if they were colour-blind; and the same seems to be true of butterflies and dragonflies. It is not exactly the colour that attracts, but the intensity of the illumination of the coloured surface. Bees also seem to depend largely on the guidance of odours.

NEW AIRSHIP GAS IN CANADA

Helium, the next lightest gas to hydrogen, and therefore the second lightest known, which will make the airship uninflammable, has lately been discovered in large quantities in Western Canada, as a result of recent investigations undertaken by Professor McLennan of Toronto University.

A NEW SOURCE OF RUBBER

Two American scientists have made an important discovery of a new source of fine rubber.

Hundreds of square miles of land in Utah are covered with a weed known as rabbit brush, and as much as a tenth of the entire plant has been found to be rubber.

These huge plants are sometimes twice the height of a man, and it is thought that if the land is properly irrigated a thousand pounds of rubber could be got from an acre every fourth or fifth year.

The demand for rubber is so enormous, and the attempts to produce it artificially have been of so little practical use as yet, that this new source of rubber may prove of the greatest value.

GIVING FLOWERS THEIR DEW

A lady chemist has been making experiments with cut flowers to see to what length of time they can be kept fresh.

Arguing on the lines that there is a night dew as well as an early morning one, the flowers were sprinkled with a drop or two of water to each bloom soon after sunset, and again in the early morning. The results showed that cut flowers so treated last at least half as long again as flowers not so treated.

MAKING COAL

Many villages and garden cities might become independent of the fuel problem, it is stated, if the charcoal industry were revived. The production of charcoal needs very little capital, and would be an ideal occupation for some of our returned soldiers.

In the meantime, an artificial coal has been manufactured in Norway from some of the by-products produced in paper-making, and the new coal costs only between 10s. and £1 a ton.

RADIUM AND LIFE

Will It Drive Coal into the Museums?

POWER IN YEARS TO COME

By Our Scientific Expert

Is life made possible on the earth owing to the radium in the earth's crust? If we are to believe the radium prophecies of Mr. E. T. Brondson, coal will only be known as an article of curiosity in museums at some future time when light, heat, and power are obtained from radium.

The crust of the earth was said by Becquerel, one of the earliest of radium scientists, to contain enough radium to make up the daily loss of heat which takes place; so that, he said, is why the earth remains warm.

Two opposite possibilities are as yet unproved to scientists, however. One—not very likely—is that there may be a great deal of radium below the earth's crust, and if this be so the day will come when it has generated such intense heat that it will burst through the crust, and the earth will become a mass of flame.

Discoveries Still to Come

The other great possibility, which is far more likely, is that the quantity of radium in the earth's crust is too little to make up for the continual loss of heat, and that, as century after century rolls by, the earth will gradually become cooler, until the children of future generations have to migrate nearer the tropics, and the northern and far south countries will become uninhabited.

But there is one thing which prophets, and those who write of the distant future, invariably overlook. *There are still wonderful discoveries to be made.* Who can say what new element, perhaps stranger than radium, remains yet undiscovered? Radium upset many of the fundamental ideas of science, and new discoveries may do so still more.

Nature has a habit of making deficiencies good by revealing substitutes. Oil will take the place of coal; spirit made by man with the help of natural organisms will take the place of oil. One day radium may be harnessed, and make spirit fuel itself a dead thing.

Science has reached a stage when it is dangerous to make predictions. T. B.

AN ISLAND OF EGGS

Laysan Island, which has just been leased to a commercial company for its rich guano beds and its vast quantities of sea-birds' eggs, is one of the wonder-spots of the globe.

It is a small island in the Sandwich group, a veritable bird's paradise. Nearly all the sea-birds make it their home, particularly the albatross. This graceful creature is famed for its great spread of wings, and its ability to remain for days, or even for weeks, in the air. They make Laysan Island their home, and here they lay eggs and rear their young. The eggs, which can be eaten, are like a duck's egg in taste, and are collected by the barrow-load, and shipped to Honolulu and other islands in tons.

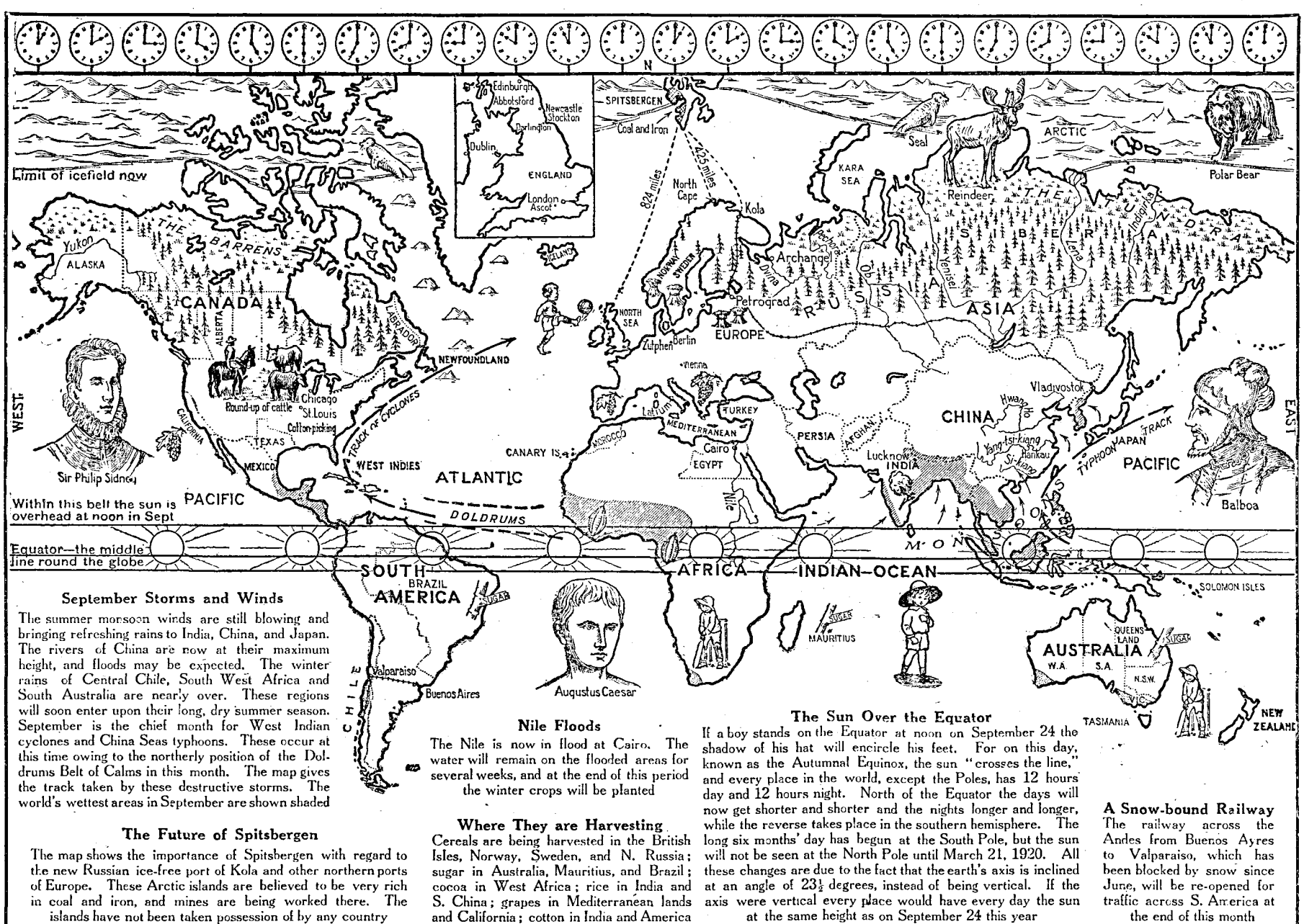
A SUBMARINE FLEET THROUGH ENGLAND

An extraordinary scheme for solving the transport problem by carrying goods under England in little submarine chambers is described in the October issue of My Magazine, now lying on the bookstalls side by side with the Children's Newspaper.

It is claimed that the scheme would be like a railway run entirely without fuel and almost without human labour; and the plan is certainly full of promise, though so stupendous in its importance that only the State could carry it out.

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PICTURE-NEWS MAP OF THE WORLD AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN HISTORY



September Storms and Winds

The summer monsoon winds are still blowing and bringing refreshing rains to India, China, and Japan. The rivers of China are now at their maximum height, and floods may be expected. The winter rains of Central Chile, South West Africa and South Australia are nearly over. These regions will soon enter upon their long, dry summer season. September is the chief month for West Indian cyclones and China Seas typhoons. These occur at this time owing to the northerly position of the Doldrums Belt of Calms in this month. The map gives the track taken by these destructive storms. The world's wettest areas in September are shown shaded

The Future of Spitsbergen

The map shows the importance of Spitsbergen with regard to the new Russian ice-free port of Kola and other northern ports of Europe. These Arctic islands are believed to be very rich in coal and iron, and mines are being worked there. The islands have not been taken possession of by any country

Nile Floods

The Nile is now in flood at Cairo. The water will remain on the flooded areas for several weeks, and at the end of this period the winter crops will be planted

Where They are Harvesting

Cereals are being harvested in the British Isles, Norway, Sweden, and N. Russia; sugar in Australia, Mauritius, and Brazil; cocoa in West Africa; rice in India and S. China; grapes in Mediterranean lands and California; cotton in India and America

The Sun Over the Equator

If a boy stands on the Equator at noon on September 24 the shadow of his hat will encircle his feet. For on this day, known as the Autumnal Equinox, the sun "crosses the line," and every place in the world, except the Poles, has 12 hours day and 12 hours night. North of the Equator the days will now get shorter and shorter and the nights longer and longer, while the reverse takes place in the southern hemisphere. The long six months' day has begun at the South Pole, but the sun will not be seen at the North Pole until March 21, 1920. All these changes are due to the fact that the earth's axis is inclined at an angle of 23½ degrees, instead of being vertical. If the axis were vertical every place would have every day the sun at the same height as on September 24 this year

A Snow-bound Railway

The railway across the Andes from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, which has been blocked by snow since June, will be re-opened for traffic across S. America at the end of this month

First Man to See the Pacific · Emperor at the Birth of Christ · Philip Sidney, Gentleman

Sept. 21. Sir Walter Scott died at Abbotsford, 1832
22. Philip Sidney wounded at Battle of Zutphen, 1586
23. Augustus Caesar, first Roman Emperor, born, at Latium, Italy, B.C. 63
24. Dean Milman, historian, died at Ascot, 1868
25. Balboa discovered Pacific Ocean, 1513
26. Admiral Collingwood, born at Newcastle, 1750
27. World's first railway opened at Darlington, 1825

Balboa

JOHN KEATS, in a fine sonnet telling how he felt when he first read a translation of Homer's poetry of ancient Greece, said he felt

Like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

But Keats was wrong. It was not Cortez who first crossed Central America to where he, first of white men from Europe, could see the eastern shore of the vast Pacific Ocean.

It was Balboa, another adventurous Spaniard, on whom that wonder burst more than four hundred years ago. It is to be hoped these bold Spanish explorers enjoyed their wanderings, for they got little reward from their kings; and the saddest of their stories, even sadder than that of Columbus, is the ending of Balboa.

Well-born but poor, he became so harassed by debt that at last he contrived to reach the New World as a stowaway. There his energy, following a mutiny, made him the leader of an expedition to find the mysterious waters which Indian rumour said lay beyond the land to the west. Thus Balboa came to the peak from which he could "stare at the Pacific." After repeated journeys across Central America he collected much spoil, which, he hoped, added to his discoveries, would bring him honour from his king. But his enemies had crossed to Europe and told their tale, and when he returned from his adventures they seized and executed him in the land he had added to the Spanish dominions.

Now great Balboa has lasting honour, and they have unforgotten shame; but in life theirs was the unworthy triumph.

Augustus Caesar

WHEN Christ was born there was universal peace throughout the world.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high up-hung;
The hookèd chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng.

It was the reign of the first Roman Emperor, the great Augustus, nephew and adopted son of Julius Caesar. Augustus had fought his way to peace. He was still in his teens when Julius Caesar was murdered, and was absent from Rome in camp; but he returned, and quickly gained the admiration and affection of the people.

After his victories in the field, and a display of great wisdom and generosity in government, Augustus was given unlimited power by the wishes of his admiring fellow countrymen.

Then he set himself the task of giving Rome beauty and dignity. It is said that he found it brick and left it marble.

As a patron of learning, literature, and the arts he was greatly distinguished. When we think of "the splendour that was Rome," it is the age of Augustus we have in mind, and it was while his great example was still before men's minds that Christ gave the advice "Render under Caesar the things that are Caesar's." Augustus stands among the few kings who by their own qualities, as well as by the extent of their power, were truly great. His home life was unusually happy, and almost the last words he spoke to his wife were, "Remember our happy married life."

A Battle and a Man

ZUTPHEN is a quaint but otherwise undistinguished little Dutch town where 333 years ago a battle of no importance was fought, in the course of a languidly conducted war, in which the English were helping the Dutch against the Spaniards; but it will always be remembered in history because in that battle Sir Philip Sidney was so badly wounded that he died, and Sir Philip Sidney was everything that the best men of his age—"the spacious days of Great Elizabeth"—most admired.

He was the "very perfect gentle knight," who answered exactly to Chaucer's description of a chivalrous gentleman. As a poet he helped to set a new fashion of musical writing. As a romance-writer he was charming to those who liked their stories long and slow, and did not mind them being mixed as to periods and places.

He was of high birth, in great favour at Court, and had a sweet and noble nature. All Europe knew of him as the choicest flower of that generation's manhood, and his passing of a cup of water, as he lay wounded, to a wounded trooper, with the remark "Thy necessity is greater than mine," completed the story of his young life.

Zutphen is Philip Sidney's town for ever, though he was slain from its walls.

Galloping in Front of a Train

ONLY 94 years have passed since the first railway in the world was opened for goods and passenger traffic. It connected Stockton and Darlington, in Durham, and was planned chiefly to carry coal. Railways had been known for a number of years, and also steam engines; but on this railway, 38 miles long, a locomotive steam engine was used for the first time to draw waggons, thus combining the railway invention with the steam-engine invention, which moved itself on rails.

George Stephenson planned the railway and made the engine, and drove the engine. The train consisted of 34 vehicles, carrying 90 tons. A fortnight afterwards a "coach" carrying 26 people was added to the train once a day.

The greatest speed reached was 15 miles an hour. A man on a horse galloped before the train to warn people to get out of the way.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
SEPTEMBER 20 ❀ ❀ 1919

Harvest Home

On our map of the world we have been pointing out, week by week, that somewhere the earth's harvests are always being gathered in. Thanks to the tilt with which our mother planet spins through space, the seasons creep slowly over her surface, bringing seedtime and harvest and winter's rest.

Now the time for our own chief harvest has come; it is the month of the wheat-plant's triumph.

It is true that our other harvests are causes for a continual sense of gratefulness, but wheat remains the mainstay of our race.

Let some little change come to hinder its growth, the wet that decays, the blight that poisons, the dryness that shrivels, and we should quickly see how useless is money in ensuring the healthful life of man. He waits dependent on the marvellous life-producing power of the earth, bursting upon us through the vegetable world, and most of all through the splendid wheat-plant. We strive for many things, but this gift of corn is the one underlying essential thing of all.

Have you ever thought how much depends on the fact that the great harvest comes to us in a form that may be preserved, stored in granaries and mills?

The animal world has to migrate very largely to follow its food throughout the changing year. In their natural state animals migrate for hundreds and thousands of miles, following their food through the growing or waning heat; and after them, in early days, went the tribes of men who lived by hunting. And the birds still fly, often to the other side of the earth, as their feeding-grounds become here poor, there plentiful. But man's chief food comes at our doors, keeping its full strength long after it is gathered; and so we keep it by us and can stay where we are. The permanence of our city life depends on the lasting character of our wheat harvest.

Well may we be glad in this beautiful harvest-time, for then the world is draped in loveliness and promise. The smile of spring brightens every heart, but its influence, though gracious, is not so deep as that of autumn, when the marvellous power of life in the earth reaches full fruition, when its upward thrust is ended in the stately harvest-growth, when its alchemy has developed the kernel that will transmit force to the limbs of man and animal, when the world has enrobed herself in golden beauty.

Well may we join in the chorus of thanksgiving in days such as these, when our fields are smiling, and the valleys are clothed with corn; "they laugh; they also sing."



THE EDITOR'S TABLE



❀ ❀ Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world

The King's Portrait

THERE are many ways of doing most things, and we like that story of a public man in London who found a way of beating the Local Government Board.

The Local Government Board has shut its doors and handed over its work to the Ministry of Health and other bodies, but in its day it did much useful work and worried the country with many pettifogging regulations. One of its rules was that a Board of Guardians cannot give workhouse children money.

But there was a chairman of a Board of Guardians in London who loved the children of the poor, and had the great idea of giving every workhouse child a Saturday penny. The Local Government Board, however, said it was illegal to give money, though children might be given a little book or a picture.

That was all the good man wanted. He proposed that the children should have a picture given to them every Saturday, and it has been given to them ever since—a relief portrait of the King in bronze, otherwise called a penny.

❀

September

THERE are twelve months throughout the year,
From January to December;
And the primest month of all the twelve
Is the merry month of September!
Then apples so red
Hang overhead,
And nuts ripe-brown
Come showering down
In the bountiful days of September!

THERE are flowers enough in the summer time,
More flowers than I can remember;
But none with the purple, gold, and red
That dye the flowers of September!

THE poor too often go scant and bare;
But it glads my soul to remember
That 'tis harvest-time throughout the land
In the bountiful month of September!
Oh, the good, kind month of September!
It giveth the poor
The growth of the moor;
And young and old,
Among sheaves of gold,
Go gleaning in rich September.

MARY HOWITT

❀

The Grown-Ups' Newspaper

OUR compliments to little John Wishart, of a manse up in Aberdeenshire. One of our cartoons has come true, he says, for "when the C.N. came home the other night Mother took one sheet, Father another, and Grandfather the other, and I was left standing about." It seems hard; but John is not the only sufferer.

Some nights ago, outside this office, a genial grown-up man was trying hard to buy a copy. "Can I buy the Children's Newspaper here?" he said. "I have tried everywhere, and cannot get one, and I daren't go home without it. I want it for my old mother." "Well, perhaps I might be able to get you one," said one of our young men; and he came back, found a copy, and gladdened the heart of the loving son.

"Give it her with the Editor's compliments," said the newspaper man, in refusing the three-halfpence. "Well, now she will be proud," said mother's son. "She reads every word of it, and she always says there's more sense in the Children's Newspaper than in any other four papers." Clearly, the grown-ups are having a good time.

Friends

THERE came across the cable under the sea not long ago sixteen of the most beautiful words ever spoken. They were spoken by one friend of another, by Jan Smuts at the grave of Louis Botha, the playmate of his boyhood and the friend of all his life:

He was the most beautiful and sweetest soul of all my land and all my days.

A rare and lovely tribute to a friend, worthy of David mourning Jonathan.

❀

The Nursemaid's Idea

We take this little story from "The Aerial," the bright staff magazine of Marconi House.

Overheard at Colchester during the recent Wireless Telephony Demonstration between that place and London.

Gentleman to little boy who, with his nurse, was an interested spectator: "Would you like to have the receivers on and listen?

Little Boy: Yes, please, very much.

Nursemaid: But I couldn't let you.

Gentleman: Why not?

Nursemaid: Something might go off. Anyway, what is it all?

Gentleman: This is a wireless station, and we are going to speak to London.

Nursemaid: And you've come by 'bus. What else are you going to do?

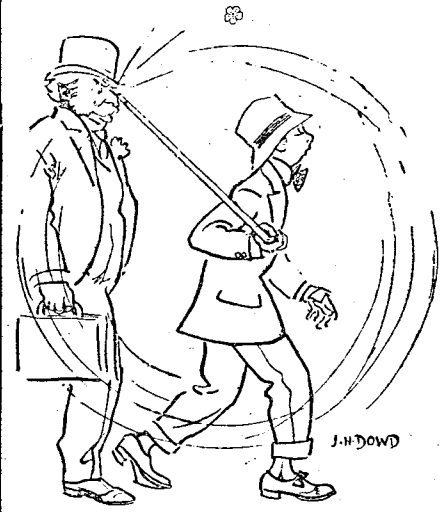
Gentleman: Nothing else.

Nursemaid: What! You've come all this way to speak to London?

Gentleman: Yes.

Nursemaid: What a waste of time!

❀



Lah-Di-Dah Goes By

Note: A walking-stick is not an Indian club, and a street is not a gymnasium

❀

The Treasure of England

ONE of England's greatest treasures has been handed over to our doctors. It is three grammes of radium.

It is the biggest store of radium ever collected, and it is worth about a hundred thousand pounds. It is an almost invisible dot, but it has been collected from tons of material, and it will last for centuries.

What will it do in its long life? Nobody knows; but its power of healing is enormous, and doctors are discovering new uses for it every year. These three grammes have been used for war work, divided up among our doctors, and now that they are free for services in peace-time the doctors will be able to try experiments.

Radium is one of Nature's promises to those who serve her and obey her, and the Radium Age, when it comes, will bring wonders we hardly dream of.

SOCIETY NEWS

From a Country Lane

It was interesting, the other day, to see the Lady's Fingers sewing on the Bachelor's Buttons with Venus's Needle.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

It was very pleasant to see the Eyebright after Juno's Tears.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Mother-of-Thousands was out buying Blue Caps, Bedstraw, and Pin Pillows. When she saw the Silk Cotton Tree she thought there was None-so-Pretty.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

There was an exciting race between the Walking Fern and the Virginia Creeper. The Scarlet Runner overtook both.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

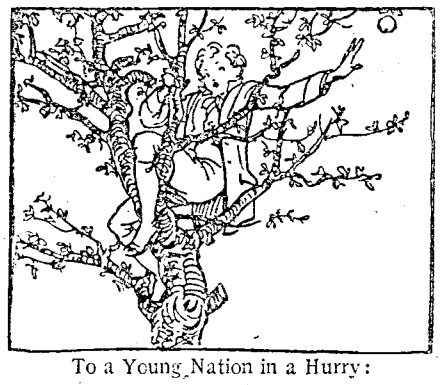
Maid of the Meadow took the Lady's Slippers to the Queen of the Prairie.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

It was rather sad when Pussy's Foot trod on Pharaoh's Corn at the Wild Hop given by the Opera Girls last week.

❀

Proverb of the Day



To a Young Nation in a Hurry:
He That Would Have the Fruit Must Climb the Tree.

❀

Tip-Cat

MR. ARCHIBALD GIBBS declares that he was not responsible for this wretched war. He need not be uneasy. Bethmann-Hollweg has offered himself as a scapegoat.

⊙ ⊙ ⊙

Answer to inquirer: A scapegoat is so called because he is not a goat and does not escape.

⊙ ⊙ ⊙

Footprints: The boot trade journals.

⊙ ⊙ ⊙

A general manager: The Commander-in-chief.

⊙ ⊙ ⊙

A contemporary insists that "the Government must act." If it does act, and wants to please the public, it should try to do "As You Like It."



⊙ ⊙

Where aircraft hang about: On the sky-line.

⊙ ⊙

Fish offered for sale at Edgware has been seized by the police and taken to the mortuary. It is expected that the jury will bring in a verdict of "Found dead."

PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW

Why schools should not use Tanks at football scrums

⊙ ⊙

"When little is produced little can be sold," somebody writes. But the public has been sold often enough to know better.

⊙ ⊙ ⊙

We must not give the Kaiser a halo, protests Sir Donald Maclean. What the Kaiser needs is a stained glass window, with plenty of stain.

❀

Look up! and not down;
Out! and not in;
Forward! not back;
And lend a hand.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

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NEWS FROM A WORLD WITHOUT A MAN

Living Animals 30 Million Years Ago

GREAT DISCOVERIES IN THE OLD, OLD EARTH

From a Professor's Chair

Very interesting news comes from Washington of discoveries of ancient animals by Professor Charles D. Walcott, who has been for many years searching shales in British Columbia. He has found remains of backboneless animals which must have been living in the ancient seas thirty million years ago—that is to say, *unthinkable* ages before man came.

In previous years Dr. Walcott has astonished the world with his discoveries, but now he has found fossils older than any known before.

Fossils are the remains of animals and plants that once lived on the earth, and in the waters that cover the earth; and the fossil-bearing rocks are the graveyards of the buried past.

Fossils in the Oldest Rocks

The oldest rocks, next to the original crust of the earth and covered over by layer after layer as the ages passed, are naturally the deepest, but they may come to be exposed on the surface by tilting and crumpling, and by the weathering away of those which were afterwards deposited upon them. Some of them are now parts of mountain ranges, very high up instead of very deep down.

So that the difficulty of finding fossils in the oldest rocks is not that these are necessarily buried very low down; it is rather that the oldest rocks have been in great part altered so that the fossils that may have been in them have been destroyed. But this is not true of them all, and Dr. Walcott has found a very rich shale quarry in which the remains of even soft-bodied animals are well and sometimes beautifully preserved.

Oldest Known Life

More than a ton and a half of fossils were trimmed out from the shale, Mrs. Walcott helping enthusiastically.

What is it exactly that Dr. Walcott has discovered? He has found *traces of animals older than the oldest previously known.*

For a long time the oldest known fossils were obtained from rocks belonging to what is called the Lower Silurian Age. After a while traces began to be found in the older rocks which are called Cambrian. Then Dr. Walcott found a large number of Cambrian fossils. But now he has unearthed traces of animals from far below the Cambrian, and his estimate of the age of these at thirty millions may be regarded as very moderate. What kinds of animals has he found?

Crab's Lost Relatives

The new discoveries include earlier types than yet known of the extinct joint-footed animals called trilobites, distantly related to king-crabs and lobsters; what look like soft-bodied sea-cucumbers with traces of tentacles and locomotor suckers; traces of worms; what looks like a sea-anemone; imprints of ancient jellyfishes; and so on.

Three things are very striking: first, that these very ancient animals, which lived in a pre-Cambrian sea some thirty million years ago, have their counterparts (except the trilobites) in our seas to-day; second, that while a number of the fossils are dubious and indistinct, others are splendidly preserved in the rocks: and third, that since animals like sea-cucumbers, sea-anemones, and jellyfishes are complicated animals, not primitive animals, there must have been ages of living creatures before them.

What an antiquity animals have! We envy Dr. Walcott the delight of unearthing these remains of the very dim and very distant past, the delight of looking into a shale-quarry and discovering a thickly peopled sea!

POOR BUNNY OF AUSTRALIA

Australia's greatest pest is the rabbit. Mr. George Ashford, Minister for Lands in New South Wales, is now considering a proposal to exterminate bunny by the use of poisonous gas.

Rabbits were first introduced into Australia as pets less than a hundred years ago; now there are millions all over the continent, particularly on the Eastern seaboard, and they do hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of damage to the stock runs. Not only do they eat the grass, but they eat the roots.

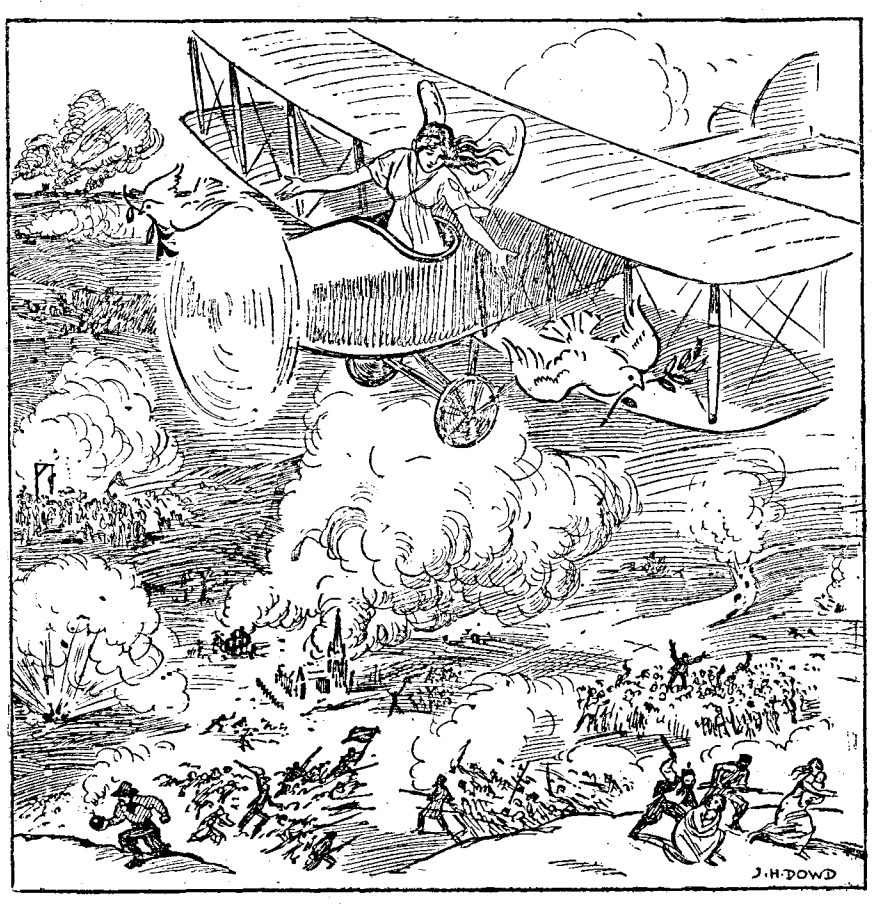
The question is so acute that it is really a question whether the rabbits or the sheep are to survive in Australia. Ten years ago Cobar carried 1,500,000 sheep; now there are not 400,000.

The loss by rabbits is growing greater every year. Tens of thousands of pounds have been spent in putting rabbit-proof fences around thousands of acres of land, but bunny is not defeated. He burrows under the fence or climbs over it, and at times he will even jump a four-foot fence. Let there be just one aperture in a thousand-mile fence, and in two days thousands of rabbits will have been through it.

Now it is suggested that the Government should experiment in the use of poison gas by introducing the gas into rabbit burrows.

At present poison is laid throughout the State, and often the sheep pick it up and eat it. The starving flock also eat the dead rabbits, and they are poisoned also. If the poison gas were effective in the burrows, the rabbits would be buried there, the exits being closed up, and there would be no danger of the stock eating them, no stench, and no pestilence; the burrows would become the graves of the rabbits without any further effort of man.

PEACE TRIES TO LAND IN RUSSIA



Peace Tries in Vain to Land in Russia, which Left the Allies to Seek an End of War

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF AN EGG

A hen belonging to a clergyman of Farnham has set up something like a record by laying an egg weighing half a pound. Really the egg was two in one, perfect in every detail: an outer egg with shell, white, and yolk, surrounding an inner egg with shell, white, and yolk.

This strange product was the result of some freakish upset of the bird's internal organism, and we know that the inner egg, which was first formed, was not actually laid, but had the second one shaped and sealed round it.

A wonderful thing is the common egg of a bird. The yolk, enclosed in a little thin membrane, forms first, and is admitted into an organism called the egg duct. Here the white part flows round the yolk; then two more membranes form to enclose the white, after which a thick pasty substance flows round all, and hardens into the shell. The double membrane inside the shell divides at one end, and between the two layers a reservoir of air is formed, admitted through the pores of the shell—breath for the future chicken.

The chick arises from a tiny speck of life in the egg, and the great yolk is simply the food supply of the bird-to-be. If the egg is kept at the right temperature, either by a hen or in an incubator, a chicken will creep out of it at the end of 21 days, having been nourished and developed all that time by the yolk, which serves also to support the chicken for 24 hours after hatching.

The entire egg takes about 21 hours to build. The part of deepest wonder—the seat of life and food supply—is ready in three hours; but the shell, the armour which is to defend it, requires six times as long to be fashioned and hardened in the living mechanism of the bird. What an enormous output of energy is represented by the product of the hen, which, for months in the year, lays an egg nearly every day!

DEBT OF EVERY MAN

What the War Leaves Behind

EVERY BRITISH HOME OWES £38 A YEAR

By Our Financial Correspondent

The Chancellor of the Exchequer told us the other day that the Government was spending every day £4,442,000. By far the greater part of this is war cost, although the war is over. Here is how the daily £4,442,000 is made up:

1. Interest on National Debt £1,077,000
2. Army, Navy and Air .. £1,874,000
3. Peace Purposes £1,491,000

Total Spending every day £4,442,000

The Government says that the second item will be greatly reduced by the end of the year. The cost of the Army, Navy, and Air Services is still so great because of the armies we are keeping up in Germany, France, Egypt, Mesopotamia, India, Ireland, and elsewhere.

Our Debt Before the War

But when these armies are reduced and the cost of the fighting forces brought down to normal, the first item, payment of interest on the National Debt, and what is called the Sinking Fund—a yearly contribution to pay off the National Debt gradually—will remain for many years, only slowly reduced by the paying off of capital.

Before the war our National Debt was

£645,000,000

or about £14 for every man, woman, and child in the country. That was entirely due to past wars, and the amount seemed big enough. But now the National Debt amounts to

£7,800,000,000

or nearly £170 for each man, woman, and child in the country. That is to say, for an average family of five persons the proportion of the National Debt amounts to about £850.

What the World Owes Us

It will cost £400,000,000 every year merely to provide interest and sinking fund on this gigantic sum. Think what that means. It amounts to nearly £8 14s. a year for every man, woman, and child in the country. That is to say, an average family of five persons has to find £43 10s. a year merely to pay interest on war debt.

We have to make allowance for the fact that we have about £1,800,000,000 owing to us by foreign countries and the British Dominions over the sea, upon which they have to pay us interest and gradually repay the capital. Of this, £600,000,000, owing by Russia, is hardly likely to be paid, leaving £1,200,000,000.

What Every Family Owes

Upon this £1,200,000,000 owing to us we may probably expect to receive £60,000,000 a year interest from the nations in debt to us. If that is realised it will reduce the annual amount to be found by British taxpayers to £340,000,000, and this would reduce the annual payment by each British family, in respect of war debt, to just over £38.

Let us be quite clear as to what we mean by the National Debt. It is a sum borrowed by the Government to help to pay for the war. Fortunately, three-quarters of it was borrowed by the Government *from British citizens*, and therefore the larger part of the interest payable by the Government will be paid within our own country.

So that, for the larger part, the National Debt is a debt of the Government to its own people and not to foreigners, and the annual interest paid on it means that all the citizens are taxed in order to pay interest to those citizens who lent the money.

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SCENE ON DROWNED SUBMARINE

QUEER ADVENTURE OF A DIVER

Raising the Lost Ships

THE HAND HOLDING THE PAPERS

The work of raising the ships lost in the Great War is going on apace, and there comes to hand a remarkable story of a scene that befell one of the divers.

These men have already done wonderful things in recovering wrecks, having saved more than half the vessels sunk by the Germans; but 416 ships are still under the sea round the United Kingdom.

The tonnage of ships saved was 1,623,551, and nearly all were British ships. The value of the ships and property recovered amounts to £50,000,000.

The recovery of ships was chiefly done by putting patches on holes, by lifting vessels from the bottom of the sea, and by pumping out the water. Six lifting lighters, which had once been dredgers, could raise a weight of 2000 tons, and in one case raised 2700 tons.

How Millions of Gold Were Saved

Where ships were grounded lightly on rocks with deeper water alongside, and there was a hope that they would float off, destroyers were raced through the water close by at a great pace so as to make a heavy swell and wash the grounded vessel into the deeper water, and this plan often succeeded.

Many German submarines were raised from the bottom of the sea and brought many miles into harbour to be examined for information that might he helpful, and in this way the salvage department was an important branch of the secret intelligence service.

The public has been most keenly interested in the recovery of the bars of gold that were locked in the strong rooms of the Laurentic, which sank off the northern coast of Ireland, and lies 23 fathoms deep. The rooms have been burst open by explosives, and nearly £2,000,000 in gold has been raised.

U-Boat Scene

But all these facts about the contest with the deep for the wealth it has swallowed are tame compared with the weird romance of a mined U boat that first hung itself up in a British steel net, laid to catch these stealthy ravens, and then fired a mine attached to the net, and sank.

The destruction of the boat was not the end of British interest in it. What we wanted was the ship's papers. To get possession of those papers was the first thought of the diver sent down to examine the wreck.

And when this man went down there awaited him a sight most strange and grim, for when the diver reached the topmost hatchway of the wreck he found the very packet of secret documents that he wanted held out to him, clutched in two dead hands!

Nameless Hero

The last thought of the commander of the wrecked boat had been to thrust into the sea the papers that might give away his country's secrets, but death caught him in the very act, and his straining fingers still held out the documents like a present to his foes.

The brave and dutiful belong to all nations; and that German officer, whose last thought was for his country, will remain a nameless hero, though he failed in an ignoble cause.

KING'S SACRIFICE

Returning His Treasure to the People

GREAT EXAMPLE FOR MONARCHS

The kings of the earth everywhere are beginning to take their tone from the times, and the King of Italy has set them all a great example.

The family of Victor Emmanuel was called by United Italy to the throne as a result of a genuinely popular movement, and it has never set up proud pretensions on its own account, as the Hohenzollerns did in Germany and the Hapsburgs in Austria. It is not surprising, therefore, that the present king takes the lead in making the monarchical form of government more acceptable.

Not long ago the Italian king gave up six of his residences for the use of disabled soldiers and sailors, and for orphans whose fathers were killed in the war; and now he has taken two further steps which show how genuine is his desire to serve Italy. Throughout Italy are extensive Crown lands which hitherto have been regarded as belonging to the reigning family, and these the king has now offered to the nation, to provide some of the means for the recovery of Italy after her impoverishment by the great cost of the war.

Further, he insists that the rest of his private estate shall be taxed as the property of his people is taxed.

King Victor has felt that when public sacrifices are needed the king should show the way. This resolution is what might be expected from the whole course of his life as a king, for he has adorned his office with kingly deeds.

VOICES MAGNIFIED 7,500,000,000 TIMES

The voices of men telling vast crowds in New York about their Victory Loan were amplified by means of a new apparatus which has worked much wonderful progress in wireless telephony. Three transmitters at the speakers' stand picked up the sound waves, and at the telephone control room they were magnified 7,500,000,000 times and retransmitted to 112 loud-speaking telephones, which reproduced the speakers' voices over an area of 60,000 square feet.

TOY BOAT WHICH IS BLOWN TO BITS

An ingenious toy ship that will gladden the heart of many a boy is being made in New York. It is made up of a number of small parts, held together by a releasable catch. When a shot from a toy cannon is fired the force of the shot is sufficient to release the catch, and the ship is blown to pieces, giving the appearance of the result of a real ship struck by an explosive shell.

THE AIRMAN'S GUIDE-POSTS

Vertical beams from lighthouses are to be provided for airmen by night, and measures are being taken to induce all railway companies to paint names of railway stations large on the roofs, so as to make the countryside in daylight a clearly marked map for flying men.

THE MOST PATHETIC TRAGEDY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

How a King of England betrayed the founder of the British Empire, and hounded him to his doom, is thrillingly told in the October issue of My Magazine, now on the bookstalls.

It shows how the last survivor of the Armada heroes was surrendered to the pitiless cruelty of Spain, and how Philip, utterly beaten off the seas by our heroic seamen, was allowed to revenge himself upon them by the servility of a craven English king.

JAN SMUTS OF AFRICA

Botha's Old Friend and Successor

A STATESMAN OF FREEDOM

The Union of South Africa is fortunate in having ready to take the Premiership left vacant by the death of General Botha, a leader whose fame is as widespread as that of the great Africander whom the whole civilised world has been mourning.

Louis Botha and Jan Smuts were very old friends, deep in each other's confidence. Their lives had run parallel for twenty years. Their characters were complementary to each other.

Botha, the honest, thoughtful farmer-patriot, was universally trusted and beloved. Smuts, the clever lawyer, with an English University training, was equally patriotic and far-sighted, and more fertile in ideas and brilliant in expressing them.

Now he succeeds the man he loved, and the world rests comfortable in the feeling that the fair and stable government which Botha did so much towards building in South Africa will go on from strength to strength.

The Right Hon. Jan Smuts fought against the British in the Boer War, accepted loyally the peace that followed, was Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in East Africa in the Great War, joined the Imperial War Cabinet when his work in Africa was done, and has been one of the wisest advisers in bringing about the great peace and founding the League of Nations.

General Smuts is still young as age is reckoned in politics, and may yet play an even greater part in the affairs of men and nations. He is a great statesman of freedom.

SATAN IN THE ELECTRIC BELL

It is difficult for us in these days of wireless and aeroplanes to think that an electric bell is still a mystery to some people; but a missionary who asked an intelligent native if he knew what happened when the button was pressed, gave an answer which shows how the superstitious mind works.

The native said that, of course, he knew how the bell worked. A little devil was always on duty inside the bell push, and there was a little spike fixed to the back of the button. When the button was pressed, he said, the spike was dug into the little devil, who ran along the wire and rang the bell at the other end.

POTATO PIE BOY

How He Came to Have Millions

GREAT RISE OF A LABOURER

Sixty years ago William Dennis was a young fellow of eighteen, riddling potatoes at a labourer's wage at a Lincolnshire potato "camp," or "pit," or "pie," as the place of the open-air storage of potatoes is variously called. Now he is selling the farms belonging to the family for about two million pounds.

This large fortune has been made by growing and marketing potatoes. At first Dennis became the agent in the Fens of a firm of London potato merchants who bought up crops, sometimes while they were in the ground, and sometimes after they had been temporarily stored.

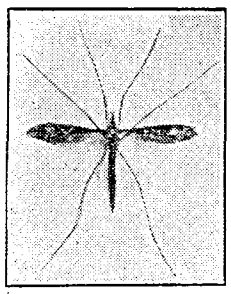
Then he began wholesale business on his own account in London and at other marketing centres, acting also as a purchaser of potato harvests wholesale, as well as grower for his own distributing business. Whatever profit was to be made from the potato, whether by farming, as middleman, or as salesman, Dennis made it. During the war scarcity his firm were the chief advisers of the Food Controller on all that related to the growth and sale of the potato.

DADDY LONGLEGS ON THE WING

The Evil That He Does

CASE AGAINST YOUNG LEATHER-JACKET

Daddy longlegs is on the wing, and hundreds of boys and girls are wondering if he will sting or bite. No, he will do neither, but he has an evil record, and his children will have one as bad.



Daddy Longlegs

We all know him, with his long legs, his long body, his long wings, drifting in swarms from the fields into our houses, looking as innocent a noodle as ever reeled on iridescent wings.

But watch the female longlegs, the larger of the two. Watch her at work on the grass where corn is to spring up. She has a curious drill-like tube concealed at the end of her body. This, called the egg-depositing drill, and possessed in different forms by many insects, is one of the most marvellous contrivances in all nature. She thrusts it into the earth, and out of it emerges an egg. Then she makes another hole, and also places an egg in that; and so she goes on until she has laid 300 eggs!

Destroyer of Crops

In a few warm days a little larva will issue from each egg and burrow into the earth. It has no legs, but has so tough a skin that we call it the leather-jacket. By contracting and expanding lengthways, and thrusting itself forward by means of an appendage at the rear, it makes long tunnels in the soil, where, during the whole period of its larval career, it feeds on the roots of corn or grass.

Note the size of the daddy longlegs swarms, and then think of each of these females producing 300 leather-jackets, and you get an idea of the damage resulting from their attacks in the soil. They destroy our crops; they destroy the pasture of sheep and cattle; they nearly ruined Lord's Cricket Ground some years ago.

Withering the Turf

They have their great and terrible years. In bad years the larvae are found at the rate of over 200 to a square foot of turf, and every leather-jacket is as voracious as a great caterpillar. Our sole defence against them are the birds—the persecuted rook, the suspected starling, and that incomparable friend of the farmer, the plover, whose eggs are stolen every year by greedy rascals to sell for the tables of those who pay a high price for something which it is a crime against nature and our country to eat.

In a bad year leather-jackets destroy hundreds of acres of wheat in a single area, and so damage the turf that for miles it withers and turns as brown as if a fire had passed over it. In themselves harmless, the perfect insects leave the ground after a year of havoc, and it is the amazing multiplication that so baffles us. Think of the fate of a field on which a million of these creatures—craneflies is their proper name—settle to lay eggs!

THE CLIMBING FISH

Fish in the Himalayas can climb up a smooth vertical surface or up the steep beds of a mountain torrent; and Nature has provided them for this purpose with a large sucker on their stomachs, as well as enlarged lips.

There are many kinds of frogs in the mountain torrents among the Himalayas, and their young tadpoles can cling to the rocks with their lips. Some fish were seen to climb up a vertical wall of rock a distance of eighteen feet in half an hour.

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GETTING READY FOR WINTER

Activities of Nature's Own Children

BURIED ALIVE FOR TWO YEARS

By Our Country Correspondent

Some of our British mammals, like the dormouse and squirrel, are very interesting just now, for they are making preparation for the lean winter months that are coming.

The dormouse, though classed with the mouse, is really much more like a squirrel in both appearance and habits. It is, of course, much smaller, being about three inches in length, but it is very pretty with its bushy tail, nearly as long as its body, which acts as a parachute when it jumps about among the bushes, and also serves as a warm wrap during the winter sleep.

The Dormouse

The animal is reddish-yellow in colour, and has white at the throat and breast. This miniature squirrel behaves among the bushes much as the real squirrel does among the trees. It sleeps generally during the day and gets its food at night, this consisting principally of nuts, berries, seeds, and buds.

Just now, by Nature's admirable arrangement, it finds abundant food, which it makes full use of, for it has to fatten up ready for the more or less intermittent sleep of winter, which is spent in a little cosy nest of grass. Sometimes on a warm sunny day in winter it wakes up and makes a curious whistling sound, so that country people often call it the singing mouse. You will, however, be able to recognise a dormouse by its tail.

Squirrel Changes His Coat

The squirrel, too, which we watched some weeks ago, is even more interesting now, for with such a rich banquet as any wood or copse provides in autumn, it seems too excited to keep still for an instant. It will run up a pine to examine the cones, then take a turn on the hawthorn bush to test the haws; next it will bound along the ground under the beeches and hazels looking for nuts.

Already the lively little creature has donned its dark coat for the winter, and, in the more northerly parts of the country, if you watch him you will see him run off with a nut or acorn, bury it, then go after another, bury that, probably in a different place, and so on.

Gradually he gets a stock here and there, and when during the winter he wakes up on a warm morning, he generally knows where to go to get a meal.

In birdland the goldfinches may be seen collecting in flocks. They get very sociable as winter approaches, and later on we shall see them perched on thistle plants, tearing out and scattering the down as they hunt for the seeds.

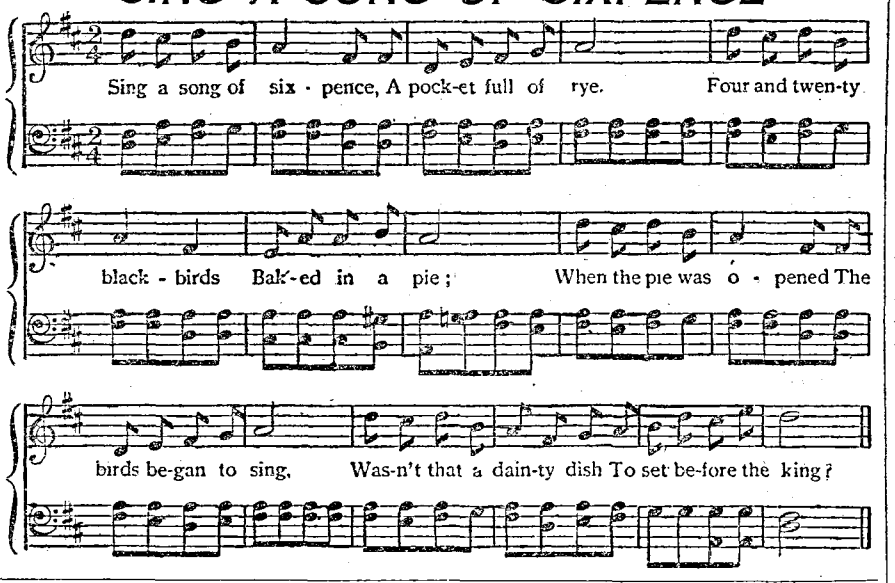
A Chrysalis for Two Years

The caterpillar of the privet hawk-moth, which has been fairly common and conspicuous during the last month or two, has now reached its full size and ceased to feed. The bright green tint has changed, and it is already burrowing in the loose earth for a place in which to become a chrysalis and hibernate. Sometimes the privet hawk pupae remain in the earth for two years before the perfect insect emerges.

Many fresh funguses will be found. The parasol fungus and the inky mushroom are two rather unattractive-looking toadstools that do not suggest food, yet they are among the most delicious of the edible funguses. The honey agaric and the magpie mushroom should be searched for, and also the fantastic earth star. They are not eatable, but are very interesting. As the earth-star gets dry, the flower-like covering opens like a starfish and the spores fly out in the form of a fine brown powder.

Everywhere the leaves are turning yellow or brown, and many are falling.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE



THE NEGRO WHO GOT THERE

Wanted to be at the Peace

When the Peace Conference met in Paris all kinds of people loosely associated together, and not forming any government of their own, tried to join the Conference as-if they were separate nations; but, of course, they were not recognised.

Among those who tried to obtain a hearing were the 14,000,000 negroes scattered throughout the United States, who attempted to send eleven delegates.

Passports were refused to ten of these, but one, William Monroe Trotter, is receiving the praise of his fellows for crossing the Atlantic in a small steamer as assistant cook to a negro cook, deserting his ship at Havre, and reaching Paris, where he supplied the real Peace delegates and the French newspapers with protests against the treatment of black men by white men in the United States; and when the Peace was signed he forwarded an amendment to the League of Nations, and returned home as a passenger.

His friends are very proud that he "got there," though he failed to see any of the Peace Conference leaders, and did nothing except what might have been done by post from America.

160 MILES AN HOUR

Power of the New Fiat

The Italians now possess in their 700 horse-power Fiat engine one of the best instruments of aerial power.

Twelve cylinders are fitted together in a V-shape, with a weight of about two pounds for every unit of horse-power. The Fiat passenger-carrying airplane, in which the new engine is used, made the flight from Rome to London at the speed of over 160 miles an hour, which stands at present as the supreme record in speed, for, although a pace of three miles a minute has been maintained from London to Paris, it was done in a strong favouring wind, while the pilot on the Fiat machine had the wind against him for a considerable part of the distance.

The Fiat Company of Turin already has a better machine building. Impelled by 700 horse-power engines, it carries nearly two tons of cargo at 150 miles an hour, and possesses the extraordinary range of nearly 4000 miles. So, in engine and machine construction, it undoubtedly holds the air at present.

There are happily several British machines that can travel at 165 miles an hour, but their public use has been seriously delayed for some reason.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Gather cucumbers for pickling. Plant out successions of lettuce in sheltered situations, and tie up plants as they become fit. In dry weather the ground should be kept well hoed so that not a vestige of weeds may be seen; when wet weather sets in there will be less occasion to tread and puddle the ground in attempting to destroy weeds when the state of the weather is unfavourable.

Insert cuttings of shrubby calceolarias, pentstemons, hollyhocks, and other plants that need the protection of cold frames. Violets for winter flowering should be put in frames.

NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY

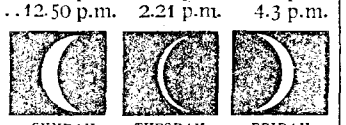


The universe moves to order like a clock. Sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is next week's time-table of sun, moon, and sea, given for London, from Sunday, September 21.

	Sunday	Tuesday	Friday
Sunrise	6.44 a.m.	6.47 a.m.	6.52 a.m.
Sunset	7.2 p.m.	6.57 p.m.	6.50 p.m.
Moonrise	3.41 a.m.	6.3 a.m.	9.27 a.m.
Moonset	5.31 p.m.	6.14 p.m.	7.21 p.m.
High Tide	12.50 p.m.	2.21 p.m.	4.3 p.m.

Next Week's Moon

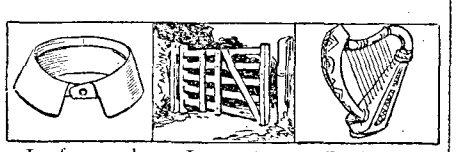


Other Worlds. There are now no planets visible in the evening sky.

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS



Une aiguille Le fromage La charrette



Le faux-col La porte La harpe

Pour coudre il faut une aiguille et du fil.
Donnez-moi du pain et du fromage.
La charrette sert à transporter les matériaux.
Paul mettra un faux-col propre.
Cette porte est entr'ouverte.
Peu de personnes savent jouer de la harpe.

LES CRIS DES ANIMAUX

Il va sans dire que les animaux de France parlent français. Ainsi le coq ne chante pas *cock-a-doodle-do!* mais *cocorico!* Le chat s'appelle Minet au lieu de *Pussy* et dit *Miaou, miaou!* Le chien s'appelle Médor et aboie *Ouа, ouа, ouа!* L'âne fait *Hi-Han, Hi-Han!* Le canard fait *Coin-coin!* La vache, elle, parle anglais, elle dit *Mou, Mou!* Le perroquet, lui, parle toutes les langues sauf l'allemand, mais il faut dire qu'il n'est pas citoyen français.

A halfpenny stamp will take this paper to any child in the world

A COMMISSIONER'S LETTERS TO GUIDES

7. What a First-Class Guide Should Do

We must try to study human nature and its instincts; there are many instincts that help us in training our young Guides and Brownies.

An instinct which is very strong in us, and is very important in the life of the human race, is that which makes us seek the society of our fellows.

We have a proverb which says "Birds of a feather flock together," and it is equally true that the ordinary young human loves to consort with his kind. If he is shut off from them he is unhappy and lonely; he likes to play and work with others, which is very useful indeed, because he learns from them.

He copies what they do. To begin with, he learns to speak and to walk, to eat and dress, and to live the life of a man instead of a wild animal. In this way the young are trained.

Imitative Children

Children are extraordinarily imitative; they will not only copy each other, but they love "doing what mother does." So, you see, we put Guides together in Patrols, and they all work and play happily together, learning from each other. Our proverbs express this truth again and again. We say, for instance, "The more the merrier," and "Example is better than precept."

From this powerful instinct is developed that corporate spirit which binds together the members of a Patrol or the races of an Empire, and from it springs that reverence for tradition which is one of the strongest forces of civilisation.

The Love of Praise

Just one more example. There is born in every one of us, even in the best of us, a love of admiration and praise, a desire to stand well in the eyes of our fellows, which is the secret motive for a great deal of what we do.

This, again, is of value, especially in early years of training. Praise the right things, and our younger friends will try and do them to get our praise, so that they will be gradually taught right values, and learn to cherish right ideals. Self-respect, which is often nothing more to begin with than a desire not to lower yourself in the opinion of others, then becomes the foundation of a personal code of honour.

Badge-earning, which recognises achievement and praises effort, is based on this instinct, and the spirit of competition or ambition to excel is one of the greatest incentives to progress which the human world knows.

Watch Your Guides and Brownies

Now, all these instincts are strongest in the young, so that when you set out on your practical study of human nature, you must watch your young Guides and Brownies, see what motives move them, and what feelings and powers are strongest in them, and so use and develop the best that they may grow into the highest possible type of the human race.

Just a few counsels to keep always before you in the great work. Build on what is best, for there is always some good in the worst of us.

Never expect perfection, for we are all human.

Never give up learning, for it will take you a lifetime to fathom the depths of human nature.

Never give up hope, for you are but an instrument in Higher Hands.

Then, in your work among the Guides, you will train up future citizens of our British Commonwealth who will be worthy of her past and be the Guardians of her future.

Your affectionate **Commissioner**

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MARTIN CRUSOE III

A BOY'S ADVENTURE ON WIZARD ISLAND

Told by T. C. Bridges, the popular story-writer

CHAPTER 67
The Rescue

The last thing Martin heard as he went down beneath the gang was the shrill blast of a whistle. Then he was fighting for dear life, trying to hold off a pair of horny hands which clutched at his throat.

The very number of attackers was in his favour. The men fell over each other, and got in one another's way.

"Get up, you fools!" snarled the voice of the tall Cuban. "Out of my way. Let me get at him!"

Martin, half-stunned and breathless, saw the tall figure loom above him, caught the dull glint of a knife blade, and knew that worse than a ducking threatened him. With a last frantic effort he writhed aside, and, seizing the nearest body, pulled it down on top of him.

The Cuban snarled like an angry dog, and, catching hold of the man whom Martin held, tried to tear him from his grasp.

A loud shout came from somewhere at the quay end of the alley. There was a sound of running feet.

"Skin out!" hissed one of the gang. "The cops is coming!"

Like a flash the gang melted away, all but the man whom Martin held and the tall Cuban, who still struggled frantically to drag him away.

"Is that you, Martin?" came Captain Krieger's anxious voice, and at the sound the Cuban let go and turned to fly.

Quick as thought, Martin stretched out one arm and caught him by the ankle. He tripped and came down, thud, upon the sand, and Martin, hurling aside the man who was on top of him, sprang up and flung himself upon the leader of the gang.

At that very moment Captain Krieger, with three other men, came tearing up.

"This is the man," panted Martin breathlessly. "Hold him! Don't let him go! He's the one who set them on me."

"Let me go!" gasped the Cuban. "You're not police. You've no right to hold me."

"If we ain't got the right we've got the might," came the dry voice of Mr. Ladd. "Say, captain," he added, "here's a bit o' cord. Tie his thumbs behind his back. That's the way to fix vermin of his sort."

"Are you hurt, Martin?" asked Captain Krieger anxiously.

"Nothing to signify," Martin assured him, "but that long chap would have knifed me if you hadn't come when you did. How did you get on my track?"

"It was Mr. Ladd here. Seems he was watching you. He ran down to the wharf and called us."

"I'm very grateful to you, Mr. Ladd," said Martin frankly.

"You don't need to be," laughed the other. "I reckon I'm going to get a story for my paper that'll pay me for my bit of trouble. But, see here, Mr. Vaile, this here Cuban ain't one of the chaps that got stuck over the Cleansand Bay business. They were all white men. Who is he, anyway?"

"Just what I'm wondering," said Martin. "To tell you the truth, I thought I recognised his voice. Bring him into the light, and I'll soon see if I know his face."

At the end of the alley they came out upon the wharf, where electric lamps were now alight. In spite of his resistance, they hauled the man roughly under the nearest lamp.

"Now then, Mr. Vaile," said Ladd, "who is he?"

Martin stared at the fellow a moment. His eyes widened with amazement.

"Why—why," he gasped, in utter astonishment, "it's Morton Willard!"

"Your late father's partner?" snapped Ladd.

"That's who it is," declared Martin. "He's darkened his face, but I'd know him anywhere."

CHAPTER 68
Willard Offers Terms

Martin turned on Willard.

"You blackguard!" he cried hotly. "So, having got rid of my father, you thought you'd kill me and go free?"

"You are wrong," answered Willard, who was glancing this way and that, like a trapped rat. "It wasn't my fault. I had nothing to do with it. Let me go!"

"A likely story," said Ladd drily. "See here, Vaile, this is going to be mighty interesting. Now, what do you reckon to do about it? Of course, you can hand Willard here over to the police, if you've a mind to, and charge him with assaulting you, but I wouldn't do that."

"What would you do?" asked Martin.

"Take him along to that craft of yours and keep him," replied Ladd significantly. "Maybe he'll talk then."

"I won't! You shall not do it! You have no right!" cried Willard fiercely.

Captain Krieger chuckled grimly.

"You're right, Mr. Ladd. The Saga is a better prison than any lock-up in this town. Bring him along, men."

In spite of his struggles, Willard was rushed over the edge of the wharf, down the steps, and two minutes later was safely lodged in the body of the submarine.

Ladd saw him fastened up, then turned to the others.

"Good night, gents," he said. "I reckon you've done a mighty good stroke of work this evening. Now, see here. I'm going to busy myself getting evidence against this galoot, but I'll be round again some time to-morrow."

He was turning to go when Willard spoke again.

"Stop!" he said hoarsely. "Wait a minute! There are things I can tell you!"

"I guessed he'd weaken," said Ladd scornfully. "Wal, out with it, Willard!"

"No, not if you are going to prosecute. Unless I have your promise that you won't prosecute, I will not say a word."

"That's a mighty queer bargain," replied Ladd in his driest tone. "How's Mr. Vaile here to know you've got anything to tell that's worth his while to hear?"

Willard's sallow face worked nervously. Blackguard as he was, there was precious little pluck in his make-up.

"It's well worth his hearing," he insisted. "He'd give anything to hear it."

"I can't imagine anything you have to say being worth hearing," said Martin in disgust.

"It's about your father," Willard said.

"My father is dead," answered Martin curtly.

Willard's narrow eyes were fixed on Martin.

"How do you know he is dead?" he asked.

Martin started.

"You wired me yourself," he snapped.

Willard paused. There was an ugly smile on his thin lips.

"Supposing," he said slowly—"supposing I told you that he was not dead at all?"

CHAPTER 69
Martin Accepts

Martin stared at the man. For a moment he could not speak. The shock was so great it left him breathless.

Ladd was the first to find his voice.

"Are you meaning to tell us that Mr. Vaile is still alive?" he demanded.

"I said he might be," snarled the other. "but I'll not tell you another thing unless I have your word you won't prosecute."

"Promise him anything if he'll tell," cried Martin. "I'd give all I have on earth to know that my father was alive and well."

"Go slow," advised Ladd. "Just remember that if you refuse to prosecute this galoot, your father's liable to be arrested if he is alive. It's like this. While none of us here doubt that Willard and not your father was responsible for the Cleansand swindle, other folk won't think the same."

"I can't help that," said Martin doggedly. "I'd give anything to find my father alive."

Ladd shrugged his shoulders.

"Just as you like, Vaile. It's your picnic, not mine. And one way or another, it will make just as good news for my paper."

He turned to Willard.

"You're safe from me," he said, "so far as the law goes, but that don't alter my opinion that you're the dirtiest skunk that ever walked on two legs. Now, then, out with it. Is Mr. Vaile alive, and, if so, where is he?"

"He is alive," answered Willard. "But he's in a place that you can't get to unless I tell you where it is."

Martin's face lit up.

"Father alive! Then I shall see him again," he said hoarsely.

Captain Krieger cut in. Of course Martin had long ago told him the whole story.

"Then you will take us to him. Mr. Morton Willard," he said sternly. "At once, too. And if you don't, I'll promise you this—that even if you are not handed over to the law, as you richly deserve to be, I, personally, will give you such a thrashing that you will be sorry you were not in prison."

The iron determination in his tone cowed Willard completely.

"I will take you there," he said sullenly. "but when I have done that, I have your promise that I am to go free?"

"You have it," said Martin curtly. "We will start in the morning."

CHAPTER 70
In the Heart of the Glades

Four people paddled a large canoe up a narrow waterway fringed on either side with tall grey saw-grass. The water, smooth as glass, reflected the crimson rays of a blazing sunset. Overhead a flight of snowy flamingoes winged their way, while big fish rose with heavy plopping splashes.

"It's mighty hot," remarked one of the paddlers. It was Mr. Ladd. He stopped paddling, mopped his forehead and rolled himself a cigarette. "Guess we've earned a stand easy," he said.

Martin, whose face and arms were burnt to the colour of an old saddle, looked at Willard, who was sitting sullenly in the stern of the canoe.

"How far have we to go?" he demanded.

Willard pointed to a clump of tall palms which were just visible across the desert of swamp and saw-grass which make up the Florida Everglades. "That's the island," he said.

Ladd dropped his cigarette as if it had been a hot coal, and snatched up his paddle.

"That's Manatee Island, is it? Great snakes, why didn't you say so before?"

"No one asked me," answered Willard sulkily.

The look Ladd gave him was not a pleasant one, but he did not speak again. He dipped his paddle deep, and, as the other three followed suit, the canoe went away as if she had an engine in her, leaving a boiling wake behind.

The clump of palms rose quickly into sight, the saw-grass opened, and showed a wide lagoon with an island about a mile across lying in its centre.

Martin could hardly breathe for excitement. This was Manatee Island, the lonely scrap of land deep in the heart of the great Everglades, in which, according to Willard, Martin's father had been left, a prisoner in the hands of a band of Seminole Indians.

If he were still alive he and his son would meet within another five minutes.

Ladd stopped paddling again and stared towards the island, shading his eyes with his hand from the glare of the setting sun.

"Say, Vaile," he remarked, "there's a bunch of Indians down by the landing. But I see no white man among 'em."

TO BE CONTINUED

NOTES & QUERIES

What is a "Cave"? A "cave," in a political sense, is a band of politicians who break away from their leaders and form a secret combination.

What is an Ad Valorem Duty? A customs duty on imports charged at so much per cent. on the value of the goods, irrespective of weight or quantity.

What was the Clan-na-Gael? The American branch of the Fenian Society formed to overthrow British rule in Ireland, including the most extreme set among the Fenians.

Adventures of Augustus and Marmaduke

From Clapham down to Felixstowe young Bob and Alan went.
Augustus and young Marmaduke were there on pleasure bent.
Bob and Alan caught some crabs, and put them in a pool.
"Let's paddle," Marmy said to
Gus, "in Bob and Alan's hole."
Boots and stockings soon were
off, and in the pool they go;
But soon Augustus shouted
"Ah!" and Marmy shouted
"Oh!"
The crabs had seized the young-
sters' toes, and held them like
a vice.
(Such treatment, you'll agree with
me, was anything but nice.)
Out they jumped; a crab was
seen upon the foot of each.
In vain they tried to shake them
off by running o'er the beach.
When last I saw them there the crabs were still upon their toes,
And how they'll get their stockings on, Tom Tiddler only knows!



Five-Minute Story

ROXIE

There is a little fox-terrier named Roxie who owns a railway pass that allows him to travel all over the Long Island Railway, in America, just when and as often as he likes.

Roxie has done this for many years now, ever since the president of the railway company first saw the dog being kicked off his private car three times in succession by an angry conductor.

He asked what the trouble was, and was told of the dog's amazing fondness for travelling. It struck the president as a very singular thing; and not only did he make Roxie welcome to a seat in his car, but the pass was at once issued to stop anyone interfering with him. But how and when he came to take his first ride, and to whom he belonged at the time he took it, no one knows.

After he has spent a day or a night with one of his many railway friends—a stationmaster, a signalman, or a conductor—he will take a fancy to meet a certain train. Immediately his train comes into the station he jumps on board, and finds an empty seat, or curls himself up on the car floor, and dozes till he hears the name of the station where he intends to get out. Then up he springs, and goes out with the passengers.

Sometimes he goes back in the direction he came, and sometimes he goes farther along the line, calling on more friends. Most of all does he enjoy being whirled along in the express.

Roxie does not care where he finds his seat—with the passengers, or with the engineer on the engine, or elsewhere on the train. All he wants to eat and drink he gets at the towns and villages he visits by rail, and never is he seen far from the railway station.

Sometimes a stranger tells one of the waiters of the hotel to give him a dinner, and pays for it.

One day a Long Island railwayman, when at dinner, asked the waiter if he had not been left the price of the dog's meal.

"No, sah," replied the negro; "I dunno anything 'bout that dawg."

"Ah, but I know by the dog; you have been paid to give him his dinner," returned the railwayman. "Just watch him, Roxie!"

The fox-terrier ran to him.

"Who is to feed you this time, old boy?" Roxie had no hesitation at all. He trotted straight to the darky, and rubbed himself against his legs, and whowhed a little just as if he were trying to say, "This is the man!"

His pass, engraved on his collar, states that he is an employee of the railway, and directs all to pass him between stations.

New Story

A fine new serial story will begin immediately

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A Cheerful Look Makes a Dish a Feast

Dr MERRYMAN

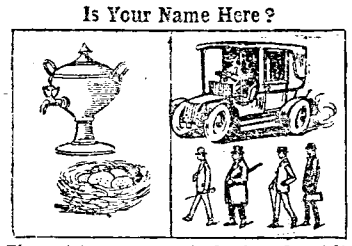
"I'll tell you a secret," volunteered five-year-old Dolly.

"What is a secret?" asked her little friend.

"It's something somebody tells everybody else in a whisper," explained Dolly.

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Is Your Name Here?



These pictures represent a boy's and a girl's name. Do you know what they are?

Answers next week

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

The Gnu

A showman to the jungle went
And caught a fierce young gnu.
Said he, "I'll teach him to perform,
And sell him to the Zoo."
This man was very much surprised,
And quite delighted, too,
For lo! each quick and novel trick
The new gnu knew.

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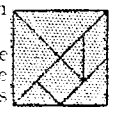
The Biggar Baby

Mrs. Biggar had a baby. Which was the bigger? The baby was a little Biggar! Which was the bigger, Mrs. Biggar or the baby? Mr. Biggar was father Biggar! Mr. Biggar died; was the baby then bigger than Mrs. Biggar? No, the baby was fatherless!

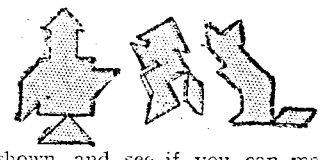
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Tangrams

This week we have a magic lantern, a Chinaman, and a cat, all made in turn with the seven pieces of the square shown in the first picture.



From a large square of cardboard cut out the pieces to the shapes



shown, and see if you can make these pictures. The pieces must fit close together, and there must be no overlapping.

The Chinese invented these tangrams hundreds of years ago, and practically any object can be made from them. More tangram pictures will be given next week.

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Do You Live in Yorkshire?

Yorkshire is the district or stewardship of York, and that name is from the Celtic *Eborach*, meaning "the place of the marsh," evidently a description of York as it was in ancient times.

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A black cat that lived at St. Ives
Tried his best to lose all his nine lives,
By crossing the bay
In a leaky tin tray.
But, strange to relate, he survives.

Is Your Name Ellis?

Ellis is really the same name as Elias or Elijah, and, like John, it became a very common Christian name in Europe at the time of the Crusades, when men were thinking of the Bible stories and scenes. Possibly one of your ancestors went to the Crusades; in any case, he bore the name which afterwards became the surname of his family.

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Fun With Commas and Stops

Here is a very startling statement:

King Charles the First walked and talked half an hour after his head was cut off.

You might doubt the accuracy of this, but when it is known that there should be a semicolon after *talked*, and a comma following the word *after*, then the meaning is quite plain:

King Charles the First walked and talked; half an hour after, his head was cut off.

This is quite a well-known little rhyme:

Every lady in this land
Has twenty nails upon each hand
Five and twenty on hands and feet
All this is true without deceit.

You will wonder how it can be true, till it is punctuated in this way:

Every lady in this land
Has twenty nails; upon each hand
Five, and twenty on hands and feet.
All this is true without deceit.

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Riddle in Rhyme

If left alone, I'm very quiet
But when I'm touched I make a riot.
Yet mock me not: each morn and even
I call men to the gate of heaven;
But such my want of saving grace is,
I'm often in unholy places.



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Poser

When you rang the blue-bell did the ear-ring?

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

As a steamship was leaving the harbour of Athens a well-dressed young passenger approached the captain, and, pointing to the distant hills, inquired: "What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?"

"That is snow, madam," answered the captain.

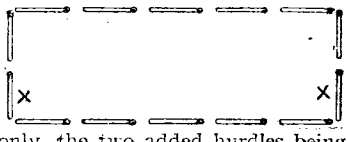
"Is it really?" remarked the young lady. "I thought so myself, but a gentleman has just told me it was Greece."

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ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

The Hurdles Puzzle

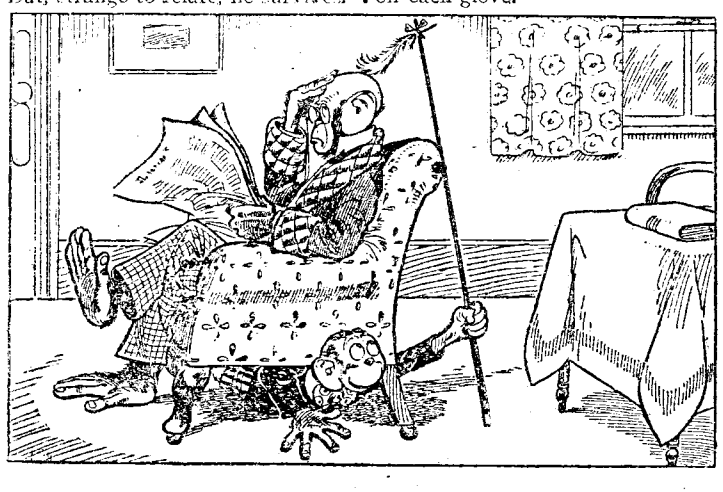
He could double the size of the fold by using two extra hurdles



only, the two added hurdles being marked with a cross.

What Is Wrong in This Picture?

There was one finger too many on each glove.



The Ark of Empire



The British Lion bids Farewell to the Gallant Sons of a Mighty Empire

Jacko's Uncle Comes to Stay

"Stop that hammering, my boy," said Jacko's father; "you are making Uncle's head ache."

Jacko looked across at Uncle George, who was sitting with his fingers in his ears, sighed, and took his things out into the kitchen.

Soon after, his sister came running in.

"What ever are you doing?" she asked.

"Boiling some glue," said Jacko.

"Well, you're making a horrible smell, and Uncle says he feels quite sick."

Jacko took the offending pot off the fire.

"I wish Uncle would clear out," he said savagely; "he's the biggest old fusser I ever came across. How long is he going to stay?"

"As long as we go on being kind to him, and making him so comfortable," answered Belinda—"that's what he said yesterday."

Jacko made no remark, but he put away the glue-pot and went off upstairs, whistling cheerfully.

That night Uncle George slept very badly. He declared he had found no less than five earwigs in his bed, and that when he opened his door to take in the hot-water can a huge mouse rushed in, and scuttled across the floor.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Jacko in alarm; "I had no idea there were mice in the house." She glanced across at Jacko, but he was reading the paper, and looking so innocent that he could surely know nothing about it.

"I'm sorry you've had a bad night," said his mother, turning to Uncle George again. "Go into the drawing-room, and have a little nap!"

The old gentleman took her advice; but he hadn't been gone many minutes when back he came, complaining he could get no rest for the flies.

"Flies and spiders," he said testily, rubbing his poor bald head; "the room's infested with them. Gnats, too—I felt them bite me. I must be bitten all over; I'm a martyr to them."

And nothing would satisfy him but he must rush home to some patent ointment that took away the swelling.

So he packed up his bag and departed, and, as the cab rolled off, Belinda said:

"What are you grinning about, Jacko? You look mighty pleased with yourself."

But Jacko, like Brer Rabbit, lay low and said nuffin'.

The Shy Girl

There are plenty of women writers today, but a hundred years ago or less it was considered rather forward for a young woman to write a book, and so when the daughter of a Yorkshire clergyman and her two sisters decided to become authors, they assumed names that might belong to either sex, and published their books unknown to their father and friends.

Their first work was a volume of poems, but this was not a success, and next they all published novels, which have since taken their place among the classics of the English language.

The father was a strange and gloomy man, and life with him in the lonely Yorkshire parsonage was rather depressing.

The mother and two older daughters died, and the eldest surviving sister with two others had a harder time than ever. A scapegrace brother who thought he was an artist, caused much trouble. He was wild, untruthful, and selfish; and in order that he might take lessons at the Royal Academy in London, his brave sister, the eldest now living, took a post as teacher in a school. It was hard work, and much of her experience there she put into her novel. Another sister also became a teacher, and together they went to Brussels to study foreign languages, preparatory to starting a school of their own.

On returning to Yorkshire the sisters wished to take pupils at their father's parsonage house, but no pupils came, and then it was that all three decided to be authors.

When the book written by the eldest was published in August, 1847, it created quite a sensation.

Soon after this much trouble fell upon the family. The brother died, and a few months later both the younger sisters. The surviving daughter lived on with her father in the great gloomy parsonage.

She wrote one or two other books, and was introduced to Thackeray and other distinguished people of the day, but her retired life had made her shy, so that she did not care very much for society.

When, after several offers of marriage, she finally accepted the hand of the curate, her father would not hear of marriage. Her health suffered, and then on her promising not to leave him but to live with her husband in the parsonage, her parent gave his consent, and she was married. She was now very happy, but her health soon gave way, and nine months later she died at the age of 39. She is now named among the half dozen greatest English novelists. Here is her portrait. Who was she?



The Knight Last Week was Sir Philip Sidney

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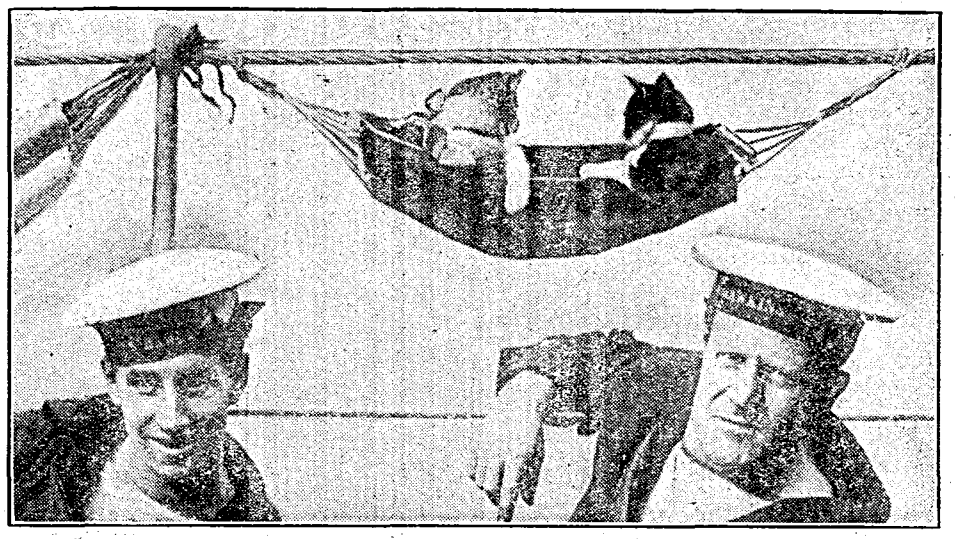
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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PARACHUTE DESCENT ON HORSEBACK. AN ISLAND OF EGGS



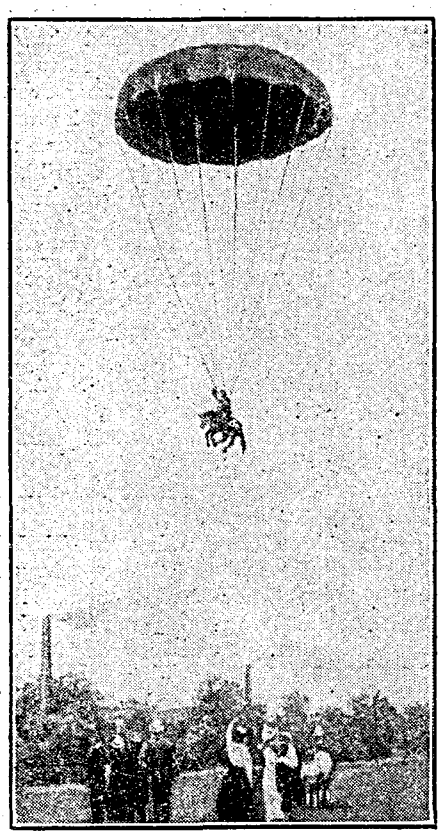
General Smuts, the new Premier of South Africa. See page eight



Making our battleships real homes for heroes. Jack's kittens swinging in their very own hammock



The King of Italy, who has returned his palaces to the people



A daring ride for the cinema, performed by the Dutch actor, Harry Piel



Friends at Barnet Horse Fair, a gathering-place for buyers from all over the world



Britain's smallest soldier plays its biggest trumpet. See story on page one



A sea-birds' home in the Sandwich Islands, where the eggs of the albatross are gathered by the million. See story on page four

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